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AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOME SKETCHES.

OR

LIFE ALONG THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE SOUTH.

By the author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," "Richard Hurdis," "Katharine Walton," &c.

I.

Christmas in Carolina.—Flight from the City.—Humors of the Negro.—Precincts of Charleston.—Reminiscences of his boyhood.—Of the Revolution.

"A compaignie
Of sondry folk, by adventure yfalle
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolde ride,"

CHAUCER.

DECEMBER, much against my will, found me in the ancient city of Charleston. You must know, that, to a Carolinian, there is no more monstrous misfortune—speaking now of ordinary mischances—than to be kept in the city during the Christmas holidays. It is then that towns and villages in the South are mostly abandoned, while plantations and country seats are crowded. Christmas, with us, is not a thing of a day, to end with the departure of Saint Nicholas. Indeed, our Saint is no other than old Father Christmas himself, who "takes his ease at his Inn," lingers as long as the fare is tolerable, and impregnates the host always, before he leaves, with such a spice of his own hospitable nature, as greatly prolongs the season of festivity. Your Dutch saint, who hurries over the chimneys for a single night, and crowds his blessings only into the stocking feet of the juveniles, will not answer our purposes. He is not an English saint at all; and we who owe our origin to the cavaliers, will not allow him to be imposed upon us as a substitute for the portly "Lord of Chrystmasse," who taught and gave so many good things, in the shape of meat and drink, to our excellent progenitors. Santa Claus belongs to you Manhattanese, and you may keep him. He can't hold a candle to our Father Christmas in the way of good things. To understand the difference between the two, take your December and January in

the South—not in the cities, mark you, as I said before, nor in towns and hamlets—but in some of the good old country seats, where prescriptive usage, from the first settlement, has preserved faithfully the good old English customs of the season, which our worthy grandsires brought over, each associated with its tutelary Lares.

At this season, as I said before, nobody stays in town who can possibly do otherwise. Nothing looks more disconsolate than the city for the three weeks beginning with the 20th of December, and ending with the middle of January. During this interval, the clouds take occasion to weep incessantly—a sullen pall overhangs the steeples—the gas burns dimly, and with a constant feverish striving not to be extinguished utterly—the paved thoroughfares are to be seen thinly sprinkled with moody-visaged shopkeepers and disconsolate-looking clerks, whose fates refuse to second their desires, and who seem for ever on the point of ejaculating—"It is surely not good to be here!" Very different is the prospect in the country. Every plantation is full of sunshine and music. The tables groan with sausages, and smile with guests. The violin creaks nightly in the hall, and screams in the "Negro Quarter." People sing and dance, and subside to sleep in the midst of their most pleasant chucklings. They wake to resume their pleasures. By day, the young men hunt for deer and turkey, and the boys for doves and partridges. A coon or possum or fox hunt sometimes employs the nights, when the attractions of the parlor are at an end for the evening. There, however, the damsels hold sway till the junction of the great hours with the small. The dance, the song, the game, there diversify the hours, and leave none wanting in its proper enjoyments.

But to resume—taking a fair start from the city. There, for a week or two before Christmas, the bustle is enormous. Everybody is in the streets—everybody is shopping. Great stores are to be laid in for the delight of friends and country cousins. Sugar-plums and sweets—all manner of delights and delicacies—toys and toy books—kerchiefs and kirtles—powder and perfumery—everything that taste and fancy can construe into a thing *giveable*—is eagerly bought up and packed away, ready for coach, or boat, or railway; for by these several agents—for the vast interior, for the river parishes, or for plantations contiguous upon the main—the multitudes, severally or collectively, take their departure in the most various directions. The negro emulates his owner. He, too, contemplates the moment of his exodus with rare anticipations. He, too, has friends and country cousins for whom to make provision. His humbler resources are put in requisition. He lays in stores of hats and handkerchiefs, for sister, grandmother, or sweetheart. "Dinah mus' hab bright calico for frock; bubber Tom want shiny waistcoat; Uncle Ned, beg me for bring 'em a glaze hat, and aunt Mart'a will 'spec (expect) heap o' tings." So he feels and philosophizes, and prepares accordingly. The

young too, he must consider, and his stock of *gunja* (gingerbread) and molasses candy would seem laid in for a voyage to California. With his chest, bag, and pack—for whether he leaves town by boat, wagon or railway, Sambo usually carries all three—with a liberal supply of pipes and tobacco—he waits impatiently for the day when his holiday begins. This, with the country or plantation negro, lasts, variously, from three days to seven. The house servants of the city have, necessarily, a more limited allowance. Occasionally, the more faithful, the favorites, will obtain even a longer leave of absence. Few enjoy less than two days' respite from the ordinary tasks of labor, and none of them are so wanting to themselves as not to make the most of every second of the allotted period. There are few of them, indeed, who do not more or less trespass beyond it. But of this enough. Let us retrace our steps for a moment.

The day before Christmas finds all the town in an uproar. This is the last day of delay with those who meditate departure. Many, like myself, find it impossible to escape before. But all bonds must now be broken. The fugitives scatter on every side. They are to be found at the railroad depository, along the wharves, waiting for the boats,—steamer, schooner, or dug-out,—and totally regardless of the poor excitements of those doomed to remain, who console themselves in the uproar of New York rockets and Chinese crackers. The departing crowd, on the present occasion—which, by the way, was of a past season—was much more numerous than usual. The railroad fare was down to half price, affording the pleasant public novel opportunities of expenditure and travel. I confess myself to have been as impatient as any of the mob. I thought of Christmas dinner, next day, at the ancient homestead—the dear ones all on the lookout for my coming;—and, with a large supply of goodly toys and trifles, for all eager hearts, nine o'clock a.m. found me at the railroad depot, striving and struggling with the motley multitude—as if defeat and disappointment threatened at the narrow aperture of the office—for the magic passport to happiness at half price.

Such a hubbub! Such a rush and clamor! There were three or four hundred negroes at the least—young and old—grey and green—all in their best apparel, and all eagerly pressing forward in advance of everybody else. There was no chance for a white man for a goodly hour; so I contented myself with standing aloof, with twenty or thirty others, witnessing the struggles of Sambo with his brethren. It was a strife to be studied. Long arms were thrust out over longer necks, each with fingers grasping ragged bank notes, or doubled up with small change, and forcing their way into the narrow box-opening of the office. To say to whom those several sable fists belonged, would have been impossible. To find and separate the bodies of each several head quite as much so. They defeated their own object. There were too many of this class of operators,

You have seen some of the French pictures of the era of Robespierre and Danton, at the gatherings before Versailles or the Bastille, where the massed multitude throws out its hundred thousand hands in imprecation against the palace, or in response to the orator who would lead them, with fiery words, to the assault upon the prison? You can somewhat conjecture from such a presentation, though necessarily on a smaller and darker scale, the extension and conflict of hands and heads on this occasion. The mass swayed incessantly to and fro, barely allowing of the escape of him who had secured his ticket, and to close up the better to secure the chance, as soon as possible, of sharing his good fortune. Meanwhile, the throng was anything but silent. Clamors, which were sometimes curses, were not so deep as loud. However anxious and excited, the negro slave is usually good-humored on such occasions. He will bear with crowd and pressure, nay, with positive kicks and buffetings; but beware how you rend his garments. Sambo will protect his hat or cap at the peril of his limbs. The skirts of his coat, too, are sacred things, which you must be careful not to dismember.

"I say, der, who dat dey pull at my coat tail? Tink gentleman coat tail make out leadder, nigger?" was the fierce speech from the centre of the mass.

"Ki! he call he-se'f gentleman!" was the commentary from another quarter.

"Da's only 'cause he got skirt to he coat; 'speck he's old coat of he young massa; Mos' wear out when he get 'em!" was the echo from a third.

"Whay my basket, bubber?" cried an old woman, holding up the curved handle. The basket itself had been torn away in the scuffle. There was an instant search and inquiry. Sambo is proverbially a gallant.

"Hello, dey, boys!—whay this blessed sister basket? Who got 'em? Stir about, and fin' 'em, you, der, or I make you smell turpentine 'till you sick!"

"He hab six cake in 'em, and tree yellow hank'chiefs, my brudder. Fin' 'em for me, and, please God, I'll tink 'bout you when you gone!"

"Da's a sister!"

"Yer him! Yer de basket! and all de cake and han'chief in 'em."

"De Lord be praise! T'ank you, bubber; you's a gemplman."

"You got you' ticket, my heart?"

"Not yet, my son!"

"Jes' you hold on to me, and I'll sarve you."

Then followed a new pressure, broken, as usual, by a throng of voices in wild confusion. The gallant who had undertaken to serve the elderly lady, was now heard in yet fiercer accents, but still with a rough sort of good-nature, that was meant for humor.

"Look yer, nigger, you wid de tear hat! Ef you got no'ting better to do wid that ox huff (hoof) of your'n, dan to crowd 'em 'pon dis child foot (meaning his own), you'll soon larn sich a lesson from this child fist, as will lay you out flat as a sarcumstance! It's de least t'ing I can do, to gie you a short message back to you mammy. I reckon dat 'spectable woman doesn't know you're out ob you blanket dis morning."

"Oh! go 'long, boy! shet up, now, and don't stan' in de way ob de cars! Ef dis ox huff, as you call 'em, catch you in de small ribs, you'll tink de ingine was into you!"

"Wha—me?"

"Yes! you, for true! git 'long now. You hab de ticket! Wha' more? Stan' side, and le' dis oder old lady hab a chance!"

"Seuse me, mammy! but dese yer niggers—de will scroope 'pon gemplemans so!"

A cry arose—a clamor. One of the women yelled with pain or fright, and the crowd soon fastened upon one of their number as the assailant. He was hustled from hand to hand, and yelled out his indignation in no measured terms. But the contest was too unequal. The multitude were satisfied to punish him, whether guilty or not, and he was soon crushed out, though with difficulty, the crowd still holding fast to his coat skirts, to their imminent peril, for some seconds after their proprietor had himself emerged from the mass. Fancy a thousand changes rung upon this key-note, in the progress of the scramble; for your southern city negro is never silent in a crowd. His tongue must declare for his presence and importance. He must be eloquent, and is clearly demagogical. He is particularly fond of the passionate and imperious in his style of speech, and will affect indignation when he really means love and fun. Even their threats on such occasions are of mirthful meaning. They denote no malice. It is a sort of banter, when they abuse each other mostly, and is meant to exhibit to the bystanders the excellence of their talent in hyperbole. This is a sort of humor that prevails very commonly in the West even among the whites, where a vain fellow has been known to force a fight upon some of his comrades only that, by stripping off his coat, he may be able to show them his new suspenders! But to our muttons.

The negroes were all mostly supplied with tickets, before we ventured to present ourselves. Scarcely less motley, though less numerous, were our Caucasians, in their age, character, and equipment. These, however, were mostly of the tougher gender. Ladies of the South seldom travel during the holidays, unless in private conveyances. They avoid the crowd as much as possible. The omnibus philosophy has not yet forced its way into good society. Our masculine companions—for their several Canterbury—were sufficiently various; but no small number consisted of city sportsmen, with fellest purposes against dove, and partridge, and woodcock. Double-barrelled guns thrust out gaping muzzles from every seat in the cars. Pointer dogs crouched in almost every corner. I was amused, for a moment, at the quasi hostility which showed itself towards one of these, who had taken a snug place equally between myself and a venerable gentleman—the latter, a quiet, solid, sedate sort of person, whose chief anxieties seemed to be given to a portly basket at his feet. To this basket the pointer seemed also to possess certain affinities, and more than once his long nose might have been seen peering round and about it in a style professional—as if the game were certainly in reach. The proprietor of the basket became uneasy, and proceeded to protect it duly with hands, and cloak, and feet.

"Don't be alarmed, sir," said the owner of the dog, seeing his solicitude.

"But I must be alarmed," answered the other. "My basket is filled with eatables—cakes, tarts, and bread-stuff—rather tempting to dogs, I should think."

"Oh!" exclaimed the hunter. "My dog is too well bred to touch them."

"Then is he the very flower of his family,"

was the response; the old gentleman, having secured his basket, condescended to continue the play upon words, which his neighbor had begun. The effort was a feeble one, however. No cachinnation followed but his own.

Our seats secured—for I had already found companions—we left cloak, valise, and umbrella to keep them, and re-emerged into the thoroughfare where the crowd was still engaged in the struggle. The mail wagon had not yet arrived with its burden, and there was a world of luggage to be put away. It is seldom, on the railroads of the South, that people are charged for trunks or bundles. They take advantage, accordingly, of the indulgence. Not a negro rides but he carries thrice the quantity of stuffs of any white man. He is literally environed where he sits, with bag and basket, which he never suffers, if possible, out of sight. If he could, he would take everything with him into the car where he finds his seat. We will follow him into his department, when we are fairly under weigh, and see how he gets on. For the present, look out with me at the entrance of the dépôt in Mary street.* Here, the stranger will see little that can interest him. But this is far otherwise with one "to the manner born." You are in the suburbs—a sort of "Northern Liberties," whither the corporate jurisdiction of the city does not extend.† This great precinct is called "The Neck," so named from its being the narrowest point along the peninsula, between the two rivers, Cooper and Ashley, which the city of Charleston occupies. These two rivers receive their names from the celebrated Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury, one of the Lords Proprietors of the colony, and the Achitophel of Dryden's famous satire. The Ashley winds along on the west side of the city, the Cooper on the east. As we move, they may both be seen from the cars almost at the same moment, and make of the landscape, otherwise a dead level, a sweet and harmonious picture. The Indian name of the former is Keaweh, of the latter Etiwan, or Etiwando. Before and around you, the buildings are generally rude and inferior, and mostly of recent erection. When I was a boy, and indeed long after, the whole prospect was open to the eye—an extensive mall, or rather waste, uninterrupted for a great space by a single dwelling. But just in front of us rose an English redoubt, one of those raised by the enemy when the city was besieged. Before it was a lake, or pond, being the fosse of the battery, which at an early day might have been connected with a creek that fell into the Cooper. This was consecrated ground for me in the enthusiastic season of my boyhood. My family had all taken a more or less active part in the revolutionary struggle, and a great grand-sire has left his name on a conspicuous page in its history. Subsequently, a great uncle, who served in Marion's brigade, was brought wounded and a prisoner to the city gates, by the "Black Dragoons," one of the troops of negroes armed by the British in their necessities. They did small service, and degenerated finally into a cowardly banditti. On this occasion the captive, not willing to be seen under such escort in his native city, demanded from the Scotch offi-

* The present dépôt, one of the noblest architectural specimens of the kind in the country, now opens upon Hudson street, some squares below, and directly fronting the State Citadel.

† Since this passage was written, "The Neck" has been incorporated with the city.

cer on duty at the gate just below, a white guard, but was ruthlessly denied.

"Hoot, awa', you d—d rebel—a black guard's too good for you!"

From an ancient grand-dame, at an early period, I had my mind thoroughly imbued, not only with the incidents of the war, but with a decided passion for their study. Her teachings have thus materially informed, and given the direction to, my pursuits and tastes through life. Of this leaguer of Charleston, I had a world of anecdotes; and this ancient redoubt, one of the few remains of "the lines of investment" which were visible in my day, was made classic ground to me by its traditions. It is now level, and the lake filled up; but I see them as distinctly in my mind's eye now, as when I sat upon the hill at eventide, and mused upon the mysterious past. I shall never lose the recollection of the thousand sports and pleasures which I have enjoyed upon its sides, mingling the games of boyhood with the exciting recollections of its revolutionary uses. One of its legends I may relate briefly.

The legend goes that this redoubt was thrown up and manned by a Scotch regiment. During the siege, which lasted for nearly two months, the inhabitants were reduced to great straits from want of provisions. They were, in fact, in danger of famine. A short allowance of rice and sugar was all that remained to them. Still, they held out, and the besiegers were beginning to despair. It is highly probable, indeed, that the delay of a few weeks longer, which would have brought on the sickly and hot season, would have resulted in the abandonment of the leaguer. At this critical juncture, a letter from one of the garrison to a friend in the interior was intercepted. This letter revealed the straitened condition of the defenders. The exultation of the besiegers was not to be suppressed; and the Scotch, from this battery, took a novel mode of informing the citizens that their situation was well known to them. Filling a shell with wheat flour, they labelled it with these words—"We send you what you most need!" Something in the orthography of this inscription, probably, revealed the source of this compliment, or the shell might have been seen to proceed from the Scottish redoubt. The Charlestonians, though starving and dispirited, had not yet lost the taste for a joke. They prepared for the retort courteous. They emptied the shell of its wheat flour, and refilled it with flour of sulphur! Keeping on it the same inscription, they threw it back to the redoubt. It is said that the Highlanders were very slow to forget or forgive this reflection upon the supposed national infirmity. It is certain that they were among the most merciless of our assailants whenever they had the power.

How often have I wished that this old redoubt could speak—could take for us the voice of history, and supply for us those details which the chronicler has failed to grasp. What pictures then should we have of the pomp, the terror, and the pageantry of war! From this point could we recall the *dramatis personæ* of the Revolution. I should like, above all, to catch a glimpse of that famous charge of Pulaski, made in this very neighborhood, when, at the head of his legion cavalry, he dashed in, with slaughtering sabre, upon the advancing squadrons of General Provost, when the first British at-

tempt was made by land upon Charleston. Subsequently, from this spot, we should see the brilliant sortie, during the final siege, of Colonel John Laurens, known *par excellence* as the Bayard of the Revolution—one, the beloved of Washington,—the too impetuous cavalier, who perished mid-way in his march to fame, and in a desperate charge like the present.

But, to come back to modern times and present things. Look to the right! Do you see that quaint wooden fabric, or *congeries* of wooden fabrics—the gradual accumulations of successive seasons and necessities, before which swings the sign of an enormous Bull's Head? That is the "Bull's Head Tavern," an antique establishment, that I remember among the earliest things of my childhood. If that old hostel could speak, what tales it would narrate. Thirty years ago, and before the employment of steamboats and railways, it constituted a *caravanserai* for the wagon trade of the interior. King street, where it stands, was then the great place for the cotton and tobacco merchants. I have seen the street impassable a thousand times with the enormous long trains of wagons from Georgia, North Carolina, and the mountain region of our state, loaded with cotton, and alternating with the massive tobacco hogsheads, which, working in yokes, and drawn by mules or horses, constituted their own vehicles of carriage. The Bull's Head brought up all these teamsters at night. A vast inclosure, in the rear of the building, received the wagons, and, at their fires, as at a camp, I have lingered, when a boy, to listen to the wild narratives which they told of their far forest and wild experience. I have a thousand times meditated a series of legends of "The Bull's Head," which I shall yet, at some future day, if time is allowed me, put on record. The picturesque effect of the great fires blazing in the open area, the huge, athletic forms of the backwoodsmen grouped about them, their bronzed and swarthy faces,—their rude dialect, the novelty of their stories, the quaint force of their remarks, sensibly and strongly impressed my boyish imagination. On various pretexts, I contrived to hang about them and to listen; and the pleased attention which I betrayed, raised me greatly in their regards, and made me a favorite among them. I squatted down along with them, and partook heartily of their corn bread and venison, of which they usually brought with them plentiful supplies; and, more than once, I meditated running off with them, to partake of that wild experience of which they told with such effect. Had they given me any encouragement, I might have done so. As it was, but one thing restrained me,—and that was the recollection of my poor old grandmother. What would be her loneliness without me! I thought of that! I was the only remaining promise—feeble enough, for my childhood was a sickly one—of a once goodly and numerous stock. My heart failed me—or rather my heart strengthened me against it—when I meditated to run away. But I still lingered in the dangerous vicinity. It was full of temptations, such as had their frequent effect upon me later in life, and have prompted many of my wanderings. It was here that I first gathered from Georgia wagoners, the information which I subsequently made use of in my novel of "Guy Rivers," touching the famous "Pony Club." They described the chief leaders of this

banditti. They detailed many of their adventures; and the history which I subsequently put on record had been registered in my memory more than ten years before. Let me give a single incident. Among the many which I gathered from the "Bull's Head Tavern," I shall tell the story as if I were myself the spectator; and in this I shall only exercise the privilege of the *raconteur*. I did not see the occurrence, but got it from one who did, and upon whose statement I felt that I could rely. But the story is one to require another chapter.

LITERATURE.

A LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.*

WE have had many books of travel by ladies, but they have been for the most part from ladies travelling in company with their husbands, or forming members of snug travelling parties, well garrisoned with gentlemen or couriers to look after the trunks and passports, pay the bill, and keep the purse well replenished by the bankers en route. The theme, too, is usually of the beaten track of Europe, and Europe seen on the road through the transparent but comfortable medium of a sheet of plate glass in the luxurious first class railway car or travelling carriage, and the windows of the comfortable apartments of hotels, thoroughly endorsed by Murray. There are, of course, numerous exceptions, but we are speaking of the generality.

Madame Pfeiffer is of another stamp. She is so frank and open about her affairs and doings that we are saved the trouble of all surmises and theories. She says in her introduction:—

"From my earliest childhood I had always the greatest longing to see the world. When I met a travelling carriage I used to stand still and gaze after it with tears in my eyes, envying the very postillions, till it vanished from my sight. As a girl of ten or twelve, I read with the greatest eagerness all the books of travels I could get hold of, and then I transferred my envy to the grand traveller who had gone round the world. The tears would come into my eyes when I climbed a mountain and saw others still piled up before me, and thought that I should never see what lay beyond. Afterwards, however, travelled a good deal with my parents, and subsequently with my husband, and did not reconcile myself to remaining at home, till my two boys required my attention, and had to attend particular schools.

"When their education was completed,—when I might, if I pleased, have spent the remainder of my days in quiet retirement, then my youthful dreams and visions rose again before my mind's eye. * * I thought long; and at length formed my resolution. I had represented to myself first all the difficulties, obstacles, and dangers connected with the undertaking; and endeavored to dismiss the idea from my mind, but in vain. I cared little for privation; my bodily frame was healthy and hardy; I had no fear of death; and as my birth-day dated from the last century, I could travel *alone*. With a joy amounting to rapture, I set out then on my journey to Palestine, and as I came home again in perfect safety, I trusted I had not acted presumptuously in following the impulse of my nature, and I determined to see a little more yet of the world."

In this independent position Madame Pfeiffer embarks at Hamburg for Rio, in

* A Lady's Voyage round the World: a selected translation from the German of Ida Pfeiffer, by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. Harper & Brothers.

company with a Count Berchtold. The sea, as is usual to those first emerging from inland regions, obliges her to succumb to its horrid influences. Landed at Rio, she is herself again. The following items we have culled from various pages of her account of this city, are new to us, notwithstanding the numerous accounts which California-bound tourists have given of this famous halting place. They show the quick eye and minute attention which are so valuable in the tourist, and which form one of the most valuable characteristics of the volume.

"We landed at *Praya dos Mineiros*, a dirty, disgusting-looking square. * * It is adorned with a fountain of very dirty water, round which many poor free negroes take their repose for the night, and in the morning perform their ablutions very composedly in the presence of the public.

"One of the disagreeable characteristics of Rio Janeiro is the entire want of drains. After a few heavy showers of rain every street is turned into a regular river, which one cannot cross on foot, but must be carried over by negroes.

"Madame Geiger told me that she had once been awakened in the night by a terrible itching in her skin, and immediately springing from her bed, she perceived that a swarm of ants was passing across her bedstead. There is no help for it, and one has nothing to do but to wait quietly the end of the procession, which lasts from four to six hours."

Madame Pfeiffer is not, however, satisfied with forming her impressions of Brazil from the streets of its metropolis. She penetrates into the interior, still almost as undisturbed by civilization as three centuries ago. She travels on foot, soon tiring out her friend the Count, who turns back, leaving her to prosecute her researches with the aid of a native servant, and to her pistols for defence. She, nothing daunted, accomplishes her excursion.

Returning to Rio, she takes passage in a vessel bound for China, touching at Valparaiso. She makes no secret of the limited state of her finances—a frankness which does credit to her sense, and is of benefit to her readers, by enabling them to appreciate her difficulties, and at the same time show them that the pleasure of travel is not entirely dependent on a well-filled purse.

The following is one of the sights of Valparaiso:

"I was not much better pleased with a strange custom that prevails here, of considering the death of a young child as a festival and an occasion of rejoicing for the parents. The deceased child is called an angelito, or little angel, and dressed out in all the finery that can be mustered. The eyes are not closed, but, on the contrary, opened as widely as possible, the cheeks rouged, a garland of flowers put on the head, and it is then placed on a small chair in a niche, also adorned with flowers. The relations and neighbors then come in, and wish the parents joy on the possession of such a little angel, and on the very first night after the death there is feasting and dancing, and all kinds of merriment. Not long before my visit to Valparaiso, a case occurred of the landlord of a public-house having bought one of these angelitos for two reals, from the man who was carrying it to the churchyard, and then stuck it up in his house, and made it the occasion of a merry-making."

Madame reaches China in due course of time, and astonishes the Celestials by her independence, in moving about undisturbed by threat of insult, or in some cases actual

street hootings. Her curious observations are a reshaking of the well-drained tea leaves in the old china cup into new and quaint combinations.

BOAT LIFE.

"The cheapest of all dwellings is a boat: one half of which is reserved for the family, and the other let out either as a ferry or excursion-boat, generally under the management of the wife. Notwithstanding the limited space, for the whole boat is scarcely twenty-five feet in length, it is usually kept extremely clean. Every nook is put to use, and place for a diminutive altar always found: all the cooking and washing for the family is done in their half of the boat, yet no disagreeable sight shocks the temporary possessor of the other half, and rarely is a whimper from the poor little ones heard. The mother steers, with her youngest child tied to her back; the elder children have often similar burdens, with which they climb and jump about without taking any heed of the unfortunate infants. I was often pained to see the head of a newly-born baby flung from side to side with every caper of its juvenile nurse, or exposed wholly unsheltered to the burning sun. One who had not seen can hardly form an idea of the poverty and privations of a boat-dwelling Chinese family."

ROGUERY.

"In the arts of trickery and deceit of all kinds, however, the Europeans certainly cannot come near them. Honor seems an unknown thing among them. If their roguery is found out they simply observe, 'Such a one was cleverer than I was!' I was told that when they sell living animals, calves, swine, or the like, whose value is determined by weight, it was a common practice to make the animals swallow large quantities of water and even stones. The flesh of dead birds they have a way of so puffing up as to give them the appearance of being perfectly fresh and fat; and lying and cheating are not confined to the lowest classes, for these estimable qualities may be found among the highest officers."

DIRT.

"The dress of both sexes, of the lower classes, consists of wide trousers and a long upper robe, generally disgustingly dirty; indeed a Chinese is no friend to washing either his garments or his person, and generally wears his trousers till they fall to pieces."

Madame has occasion to go from Victoria, Hong Kong, to Canton, and performs the journey from motives of economy in a junk.

"It happened after a few days that an opportunity presented itself at Victoria, for me to go to Canton, but in a Chinese junk. Mr. Pustan, a merchant of Victoria, who had received me in a very friendly manner, strongly dissuaded me from trusting myself without any protection to the Chinese, and thought I should either hire a boat for myself, or get a place in the steamer; but for my limited means these plans were too expensive, as neither would have cost less than twelve dollars, while the price on the junk was only three. The appearance and manner of the Chinese, too, was not such as to occasion me any fear, so I put my pistols in order, and went quietly on board the junk. It was raining violently, and just getting dark, and I therefore went down into the cabin to amuse myself by looking at my Chinese fellow-voyagers. The company was certainly not select, but not at all indecorous in behavior, so that I had no fear of remaining among them; some were playing at dominoes, and others on a sort of mandolin with three strings, which uttered most dismal music, and nearly all were smoking and gossiping, and drinking tea without sugar, out of little cups, which were offered to me from all sides; no Chinese, either rich or poor, drinks either water, or anything stronger, but constantly unsugared weak tea.

"I did not go into my cabin till rather a late hour, and then I made the unpleasant discovery that it was not water-tight, and that the rain was coming in. Immediately, however, that the captain of the junk was made aware of this, he found me another place, in company with two Chinese women, who, as well as the men, were smoking tobacco, and out of pipes not larger than thimbles, which required to be stuffed afresh every four or five whiffs. My neighbors soon remarked that I had no head-stool, and they would not desist from their entreaties till I accepted one from them. These stools, made of bamboo or strong pasteboard, and about eight inches high, are made use of instead of pillows, and are really more comfortable than might be supposed."

Her next transit is a long one from Hong Kong to Calcutta; and for this voyage she is compelled to resort to the prosaic expedient of embarking in an English mail steamer. She takes a second cabin passage, not being able to procure a third-rate one. We shall give her account of her discomforts in her own words.

"When I went on board I found no attendant for the second cabin, and was obliged to request a sailor to carry in my luggage. There was no appearance of the *comfort* so much talked of by the English; the table and everything else was dirty and disorderly; and there was but one sleeping-place for the passengers of both sexes. I was told, however, that if I applied to one of the authorities, I should certainly obtain another berth. I did so, and got a neat little cabin, and the steward offered to let me eat with his wife. But this offer I would not accept;—I had not paid so much to receive every accommodation as a special favor. This was besides my first voyage in an English steamer, and I was curious to see how passengers of the second class were treated.

"Our dinner-party consisted not only of the passengers, of whom there were three besides myself, but of the cooks and waiters on the first-class passengers, of the butcher, and in short, of the whole body of attendants, if they chose to favor us with their company. Not the slightest ceremony with regard to the toilette was observed; one would make his appearance without his jacket—the butcher generally forgot his shoes and stockings; truly a stout appetite was required to eat in such society!

"The food was well suited to the ship's company and their style of dress, but not quite so agreeable to passengers who were to pay thirteen dollars a day. The table-cloth was covered with stains, and every guest had to use his pocket-handkerchief by way of table-napkin. The knives and forks were partly white, partly black-handled, the knives full of notches, the prongs of the forks broken. Spoons we had none the first day; on the second a solitary one was brought, and it remained solitary to the end of the journey. Two drinking-glasses, of the commonest description, did duty for the whole party; but, as a woman, I obtained the distinction of a tea-cup with a broken handle, for my especial use. The head-cook, who did the honors, excused every irregularity, by saying that, 'This time the servant was not at hand.' This apology seemed rather too naïve; inasmuch as when I pay, I expect to pay for what I get, not for what I do not.

"As I have before said, the fare was bad; and the leaveings of the chief cabin were what fell to our share. Two or three different kinds of food often lay sociably together in one dish, even when there was not the slightest harmony in their character; and no one seemed to care whether the meat was hot or cold."

"Our illumination consisted of one tallow candle, which was often burnt out by eight o'clock, after which we were obliged either to go to bed or sit in the dark.

"In the morning, our cabin served as a barber's shop, and in the afternoon, as a sleeping-room, on the benches of which the worn-out cooks and other servants stretched their weary limbs. To complete our comfort, one of the officers had quartered two young dogs upon us, who howled incessantly; they would not have ventured to do this in the sailors' berths, as they would have pitched them out without ceremony.

"This description of our style of living will perhaps be thought exaggerated, as everything connected with the English is supposed to be in the highest degree comfortable and orderly; I can only say, that I have spoken the strict truth, and I may add, that although I have travelled much in steamboats, and always in the second cabin, I never, before or since, paid so high a price for such miserable accommodation, never in my life have I been subject to a more infamous extortion. The only thing agreeable on board that ship was the behavior of the officers, who were all very polite and obliging.

"What most astonished me was the remarkable patience with which my fellow-voyagers bore this treatment. I should like to know what the English, who have so often the words 'comfort' and 'comfortable' in their mouths, would say, if they met with the like on board the steamers of any other nation."

It is to be remembered in reading this that it comes from Germany, a country in which, as throughout Central Europe, special attention is given to the accommodation of second class travellers, the aim of railway and steamboat directors apparently being to give a reasonable degree of accommodation for the *quid pro quo* received, and not as in English conveyances of a similar kind, make the second class as uncomfortable as possible, in order to force travellers to take first class seats and pay first class fares.

Our tourist, on arriving in Calcutta, after a few days' sojourn, penetrates into the interior, and makes her way in an intrepid and fearless manner through India, Persia, and Turkey to Austria, and home, thus fairly girdling the earth. Our limits do not allow us to keep in the same close company with her which we have done in the first portion of her tour, but we have little doubt that our readers will do so for themselves, by procuring her very pleasant and instructive volume.

BOYHOOD—AS IT IS.*

LET us heap up the fire with the choicest lumps of cannon, that the bright blaze may carry terror without to the dark spirits of the December storm! Let us at the threshold of our —th Christmas, stir up that chamber of memory where so many pictures of boyhood and boyish things are laid up and covered, alas! by the dust and mould of worldly business and cares:

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood —,"

says a couplet of Bryant which runs through our brain, as we apply it to the race of boys with whom we had the honor of being an associate. That race is gone!

Twenty years ago they might have been seen in every street. Those of that date are now young fathers, but their children cannot be like them. The freshness, the carelessness, the romping, the pure, unmitigated idolatry of 'Fun' which characterized the juvenility of the former are 'gone,' like the 'calmness' which Mr. Bunn obliges his moping heroine to love in Wallace's opera

of Maritana. The boys of to-day are Lilliputian men—Aztec beaux!

In our day of bat and ball, St. Thomas's church was the boundary of an up-town walk, and all beyond it was the territory set apart and dedicated to cherry-stealers, truants, and the votaries of that before referred to Idol—'FUN'—who may be now written as a Dagon toppled down, to punish the Philistine youths of to-day. Land about Fourteenth street, which is now eligible for palace-superstructures, was in pasture, and grazed by the votaries of 'base,' 'old cat,' 'knuckle all over,' and 'ericket.' From river to river, on an April day, the air was dark with 'bow kites,' 'star kites,' and 'octagons,' in blue and pink tissue sheets. Municipal rulers in those days gave their urchin constituency some freedom of the streets; and the omnibus monopoly of paving stones was as unheard of and as incredible as the unborn mysterious knockers and Payne's gas. On moonlight evenings, street corners echoed with the cries of 'red-lion,' 'tag,' and 'I spy.' Pavements by day-light were polished by the trundling hoop, and by the shuffling sole in 'hopscotch.' 'How many miles,' was a cry heard in the circuit of a few blocks, and not banded from month to month by men who this year 'ledger' it in Wall street, and dine in Fortieth street! The dignity of schoolboys then was not outraged by running a string fast knotted at the end through the lid of a blacking box, and then whirling it over the sidewalk. Knuckles were not fastidious, but would court the dirt of the Park or the dust of the walk, for a fair shot at a ring full of marbles. Bows and arrows were as common as you now find 'canes,' and not a winter came and went but the boys, with their gliding sleds, laid an embargo on all pedestrians at Frankfort and Madison—by Pearl; at Leonard and Rector streets, and sometimes audaciously in Broad street, near where frowns the present Custom House. 'Leap frog,' with its echoes, shook the young trees in Washington Square: and 'ring-tag' embraced the centre of this latter park, where now the sullen and fastidious fountain spirts its melancholy burst of water.

Your boys in 'the eighteen fifties' of this century displace the bat with the 'cue' and 'mace,' and the balls of net and India rubber for balls of lignumvite, at underground hells, where falling ten-pins make dismal music. An upsoaring kite, to-day, would attract a crowd as great as the Fire Annihilator draws. Instead of trundling hoops, urchins smoke cigars; 'Hopscotch' has been long exiled for the 'Schottisch' and 'Polka.' A mongrel race of 'Mose's,' 'Jack Shepards,' and Tom Thumb firemen have driven away in despair the votaries of 'red lion,' 'tag,' and 'I spy.' Now and then, some mysterious appearing juveniles, with sulky looks, will haunt unrequented corners, and play a game of marbles: but they are only reported by the bill poster and the policeman, who in their curious rounds of travel discover things and acts undreamed of by the hurrying crowd. The Municipal ordinances to be found under the head of ashes, have vetoed the pursuit of 'penny gutter,' and sled-riding in the metropolis is a very up hill affair. 'Tis vulgarity to hint at leap-frog: that makes sad game of nice fitting trousers!

Out upon the effeminacy of the Boyish present! Shame on the degeneracy of roundabouts and turn-over-collars!

A year ago this Christmas we dropped a tear over the grave of one of the 'Last of the White Cravats.' He was buried in his knee breeches, shoe buckles and cane—the appurtenances of dress which were our objects of juvenile reverence. We had cause for the latter, and reason for the tear.

As he lay in the coffin, with the honored wrinkles of seventy years wreathing his brows, and binding them in their last shades, we thought of the happy Saturday passed in front of his house in Greene street. He was childless, and a widower. But it was treason for any playing, or romping, or sporting, or stamping, or shouting, to be indulged in within ten squares of that Greene street house, unless its scene of action was that house's immediate front. He would time us in our 'hoople races,' keep our tallies in our 'marble shots,' and administer the law of tag, or 'red lion,' with unerring accuracy—all as he sat in the pleasant sunshine of a spring or autumn day, by his opened window. And when he caused the flagging of his pavement to be painted in white, for 'hopscotch' and 'marbles,' the neighbors called him crazy, but we prayed for him, and wept fifteen years afterwards at his grave! We have no 'medium' about our household, and Andrew Jackson Davis and Judge Edmonds are not our spiritual oracles, but the figure of old Gregory Smyllie—this revered 'Last of the White Cravats,' is before us to-night, as at the last Christmas, and we wave to it a marked greeting.

But why do we dwell upon the 'boys' of the present? 'Tis a misnomer! There are no boys. The crop is harvested in many a parlor to-night, and the grain is called 'young gentleman.' Even my old preceptor, who is shaking on the grave's verge, has stowed away his sign of 'Boys' Academy,' and nails up in fancy letters on his lintels, 'Young Gentleman's Institute.' Our discarded tailor, 'Snipper,' has dropped the word roundabout from his bills, and speaks of 'coatee for young gents!'

Young 'gents!'

The race who strut with canes at five years of age, and are critics in pomatum at eight! Who are learned in cassimere at ten, and understand the mysteries of 'omelette soufflé' at twelve! Who tyrannize over their shoemaker at fifteen, and profess the mysteries of the ballet at the same age! Who boast of amours at eighteen, and fairly scandalize their mothers at twenty!

We saw one this morning in an upper avenue. It was eleven o'clock, and he had just risen from breakfast. He had yawned over the news from Europe, but had digested the 'Forrest' case with his chocolate. He had cut out sundry advertisements about dogs, and some referring to mysterious interviews, with half the letters of the alphabet. He had aired a hundred dollar dressing-case by his bath-room fire, and had succeeded in severing five hairs from the skin of his chin with a piece of polished Sheffield. He had d—d his father for refusing him a valet, and slammed the outer door in the face of his old nurse, who had come to dun him for the fiftieth time, for something on account of that ten dollars which she had loaned to him, for an indiscreet 'put up' at billiards. He came down the steps shivering in a cool but bracing air. His boots were looking-glasses. His legs were spools, whereon threads of cassimere were rolled. He caused a passing horse to sneeze with the scent which his handkerchief exhaled, as he waved

* The Island Home, or the Young Cast away. Edited by Christopher Romaunt, Esq. Boston: Gould & Lincoln: 1832.

it to a chattering Miss of fourteen, who had stolen to the drawing-room window opposite to see her darling Freddy safe off 'those horrid slippery steps.' He consulted a time-piece, and wondered in his mind if it were too early for 'bitters.' He sighed to think that eligibility for club membership was called in 'question,' like that in the vulgar matter of voting. He was looking forward to a walk towards his father's office; to a cue-handling at Bassford's; to a cup of chocolate at Taylor's, where he loved to ogle the country beauties who stray there day by day; to a flirtation for the evening pastime at the opera, or a dash at real life in the parlours of the *Hotel de Paris*.

And yet in the family bible which lies in the garret of his parvenu father, he was written down an infant only eighteen years ago!

Boyish mind as well as boyish body is degenerating under metropolitan atmospheres. It may thumb political economy at fourteen years' growth; but it never relished Robinson Crusoe or Sandford and Merton. Classic fictions for youths did very well, it thinks, when the germ of young America was not yet unfolded; but they are 'too slow' now, when compared with 'Mysteries Reynolds,' or 'Professor Ingraham.'

Shall it so continue? Or shall not Abbott with his enchaining Histories, and older favorites, with Darleian illustrations, and newer workers in the elder mines of the childishly marvellous, pour so enlivening a stream upon the mind of 'Young America,' that affectations of maturity, dust of pruriency, and stains from vicious fancies, may all be washed away from its surface?

Welcome, then, to any 'new worker in these elder mines of the childishly marvellous;' to this 'Christopher Romanut,' who finds a good berth by the side of De Foe, Mrs. Hoffman, Thomas Day, Peter Parley, and Captain Marryatt, whose 'Midshipman Ready' and 'Children of the New Forest' gave him a fresh lease of fame in the memories of those units of the rising generation who have some devotion to the 'childishly marvellous' yet leavening their mental composition.

'THE ISLAND HOME' is entitled to your kindest favor, good reader. Its recesses are refuge places for young adventure; for youthful zest; for juvenile interest. And we would rather be the author of the few and popular books in the heart of childhood, to dwell with boyish shouts and girlish silent wonder in the merry 'Holiday-time,' to live of winter evenings in glowing hearts by cheerful country firesides: to wander in the dreams of guileless innocence: to be believed in as an oracle—than to write the best play which all the 'Guilds of Literature and Art,' capable of existing together, could applaud in palaces for a twelvemonth.

Our author will take rank with fathers and mothers as a correct caterer to the imaginations of their younglings. He will be interwoven with memories of 'Peter Parley.' His skill in working up a climax of interest will be appreciated by his audience. His ingenuities of illustration may leave lessons in the minds of some future barrister and statesman.

The work is the debut, we understand, of a member of the junior bar of our metropolis, who, in the toils of an increasing business, has yet turned aside to repay to the present race of childhood the debt which he incurred in his own boyish day. With

a field necessarily narrowed: with his metres and bounds necessarily prescribed, he has proved himself, in his present tillage, a genial sympathizer with the joys of childhood: a master of vigorous rhetoric: a possessor of poetic fancy, and an ingenious constructor of plot.

BON GUALTIER'S BALLADS.*

A FEW weeks since several very ingenious correspondents were exercising the patience of our readers by a discussion of the comparative claims of Theodore Martin and W. E. Aytoun (of Blackwood's Magazine) to the authorship of the Bon Gualtier Ballads. There were two to one of them, we believe, in favor of common report and Mr. Martin. Unfortunately for the lookers-on it was all a dull abstraction, a question of mere directory interest, of ordinary Christian and surnames, of tweedledum and tweedledee, while Bon Gualtier himself, his wit, satire, and versification, remained a "Yarrow unvisited." The opuscula of that humorous writer, somehow marvellously escaping the prehensile fingers of our publishers, were yet unknown to American readers; though an occasional whiff and stray aroma of the choice volume had now and then transpired through the columns of a magazine or newspaper. It is but justice, however, to the acumen of the publishers to state that a reprint of the book has been lately announced by the enterprising Redfield.

In the meantime Mr. Orr, the London publisher of Bon Gualtier, has sent over a choice new edition of the Ballads, with new poems, new comical devices of Doyle and Leech, which we commend as the edition to the curious purchaser. Depend upon it, reader, your laugh will not only be facilitated by these explosions of the jovial pencil of Punch's best artists, but the heart will gain in honest light-hearted mirth what the pocket loses in heavy cash by the purchase of this original copyrighted edition.

A courteous note from a high authority in London, we regret to say, perplexes the scent of our astute correspondents, touching this important identification. "It is not for me," writes our anxious observer, "to reveal whether the veritable Bon Gualtier be Lord Brougham or Mr. Tennyson, the Duke of Wellington or Professor Aytoun, or even Mr. Theodore Martin; but I may, without any breach of faith, offer my assurance that the Guesses of both your correspondents are wide of the mark at present. R. B. has not dispelled the delusion in respect to Aytoun, Martin, and Bon Gualtier, but that is no reason why you should not notice the new edition in your ably conducted paper, the Literary World." Certainly not.

Bon Gualtier's Book of Ballads is simply the wittiest and best thing of the kind since the Rejected Addresses. Its parodies of Lockhart (in the Spanish Ballads), of Tennyson (his lovely sing-song puerilities), of Macaulay (the sounding Roman strain), of Moses (the "puff poetical"), are, with a dozen others, in various ways, any of them equal to the famous Crabbe, and Scott, and Coleridge of the re-ascending Drury Lane.

Who should not know the pathos of the maiden with "the Broken Pitcher," and the sad catastrophe!—

Up rose the Moorish maiden—behind the knight
she steals,
And caught Alphonzo Guzman up tightly by
the heels;
She tipped him in, and held him down beneath
the bubbling water—
"Now, take thou that for venturing to kiss Al
Hamet's daughter!"

Don Fernando Gomersalez, from the
Spanish at Astley's, is a great achievement,
equal to the renowned passage of the Cid.
Breathless is the pursuit in the ring, fierce
the action:—

Never on a single charger rides that stout and
stalwart Moor,
Five beneath his stride so stately bear him o'er
the trembling floor;
Five Arabians, black as midnight—on their
necks the rein he throws,
And the outer and the inner feel the pressure of
his toes.

Never wore that chieftain armor; in a knot
himself he ties,
With his grizzly head appearing in the centre of
his thighs,
Till the petrified spectator asks in paralysed
alarm—
Where may be the warrior's body—which is
leg, and which is arm?

Speed thee, speed thee, Baveca! speed thee
faster than the wind!
Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes
give chase behind!
Speed thee up the sloping spring-board; o'er
the bridge that spans the seas;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the
grove of canvas trees.

Close before thee, Pampeluna spreads her paint-
ed pasteboard gate!
Speed thee onward, gallant courser, speed thee
with thy knightly freight—
Victory! the town receives them! Gentle
ladies, this the tale is,
Which I learned in Astley's circus, of Fernando
Gomersalez!

The American Ballads are clever, but the
lay of Mr. Colt is not a subject for humor-
ous writing. The incidents are offensive;
cruelty should never be trifled with.

But for the sake of the rhyme, there would
appear something unendurably absurd in the
part Mr. Bryant is made to play in the Fight
with the Snapping Turtle. Who can re-
cognise our calm poet of meditation in such
scenes as this, albeit not unused to the poli-
tical arena? Willis and Bryant go out to the
deadly encounter:—

Come thou with me, Cullen Bryant,
Come with me as squire I pray;
Be the Homer of the battle
That I go to wage to-day.

On the bank lay Cullen Bryant,
As the second moon arose;
Gauging on the sloping green sward
Some imaginary foes.

Then a hideous head was lifted,
With such huge distended jaws,
That they might have held Goliath
Quite as well as Rufus Dawes.

Paws of elephantine thickness
Dragged its body from the bay,
And it glared at Cullen Bryant
In a most unpleasant way.

"Gouge him, Bryant! darn ye, gouge him!
Gouge him while he's on the shore!"

*The Book of Ballads. Edited by Bon Gualtier. A new edition with several new Ballads. Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, Richard Doyle, and John Leech. London: Orr & Co. New York: Bangs, Brother & Co.

And his thumbs were straightway buried
Where no thumbs had pierced before.

"Such were the notes our once loved
poets sung!" and such, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, is exhibited the omnipotence of
verse over nonsense, grossness, and absurdity!

Here is Locksley Hall in a pewter measure of small beer, in the dissipated Dick Swiveller cockney "Lay of the Love-lorn:"—

Comrades, you may pass the rosy. With permission of the chair,
I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.

Whether 'twas the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger beer,
Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.

Oh, my cousin, spider-hearted! Oh, my Amy! No, confound it!
I must wear the mournful willow—all around my hat I've bound it.

Falsier than the Bank of Fancy—frailer than a shilling glove,
Poppet to a father's anger,—minion to a nabob's love!

Happy! Damme! Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
Changing from the best of china to the commonest of clay.

As the husband is, the wife is,—he is stomach-plagued and old;
And his curry soups will make thy cheek the color of his gold.

When his feeble love is sated, he will hold thee surely then
Something lower than his hookah,—something less than his cayenne.

Oh, 'tis well that I should bluster,—much I'm like to make of that;
Better comfort have I found in singing "All Around my Hat."

But that song, so wildly plaintive, palls upon my British ears.
'Twill not do to pine for ever,—I am getting up in years.

Can't I turn the honest penny, scribbling for the weekly press,
And in writing Sunday libels drown my private wretchedness?

Oh, to feel the wild pulsation that in manhood's dawn I knew,
When my days were all before me, and my years were twenty-two.

When I smoked my independent pipe along the Quadrant wide,
With the many larks of London flaring up on every side.

When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what might come,
Coffee-milling care and sorrow, with a nose-adapted thumb.

I'll to Afric, lion-haunted, where the giant forest yields
Rarer robes and finer tissue than are sold at Spitalfields.

Or to burst all chains of habit, flinging habit's self aside,
I shall walk the tangled jungle in mankind's primeval pride;

Feeding on the luscious berries and the rich cassava root,
Lots of dates and lots of guavas, clusters of forbidden fruit.

Never comes the trader thither, never o'er the purple main
Sounds the oath of British commerce, or the accents of Cockaigne.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment, where no envious rule prevents;
Sink the steamboats! cuss the railways! rot, oh, rot the Three per Cents!

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have space to breathe, my cousin!
I will take some savage woman—nay, I'll take at least a dozen.

There I'll rear my young mulattoes, as no Bond Street brats are reared:
They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild goats by the beard—

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced baboon,
Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.

Shades of Typee, is not this most "admirable fooling?"

MR. GUILD'S PURCHASES FOR THE LIBRARY OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.*

To the Editor of the Journal:

I intended to have called the attention of your readers, some time ago, to the important addition that has recently been made to the library of our University. You and they are aware, that a few weeks since, the library of the late Dr. Jarvis was sold at auction in New York, after having been offered to several institutions at private sale, and for a very small sum. Dr. Jarvis, though not a very great nor a very learned man, was a man of much learning, good taste, a decided love for good books, and who had enjoyed rare opportunities for collecting them. It was my chance to meet him in several places, during his long residence in Europe, and I can bear witness to the judgment and intelligence with which his purchases were made. At Lausanne, he had found part of Gibbon's library, still lining the walls of that quiet mansion, where the last volumes of the greatest work in English historical literature were written. In Rome he had followed up the winter sales which spread so many of the rare volumes of historical and ecclesiastical erudition over Europe. In Paris and in Germany he had kept steadily in view his darling aim, the formation of a scholar's library, and when, after an absence of many years, he returned to the United States, he brought with him such a collection as had never been brought to our shores before. There were the Byzantines, in those magnificent folios of Paris, with their firm, solid paper, their clear artistic type, and rich bindings. There were the volumes of that giant Muratori, the product of sixty years' toil amid libraries and archives. There were the fathers, in their choicest form—the united labors of the patient and labor-loving Benedictines. There were the classics of Italy, the Latin and the Italian—choice editions—which have made Burmannus, and Valesius, and Gronovius, so dear to the scholars of all succeeding times. Great illustrated works too—Egypt, the noblest result of Napoleon's adventurous campaign; Etruria, in the laborious tomes of Inghirami, Herculeum,

and Palmyra, and Baalbec, and many, many more of those inestimable records of artistic skill and antiquarian lore. A library, in short, that might make a man willing to nail up his doors, and consent never to cross his threshold again.

It is very strange that out of the many institutions that want books, and have the means of getting them, none should have known how to profit by such an opportunity of laying a broad foundation for a working library. But so it was, and all those precious volumes were brought to the hammer. It is a comfort, however, to reflect, that since it could not be otherwise, we came in for so goodly a share; for, after Dr. Haight, who bought for the General Theological Seminary of New York, the most extensive purchaser was Mr. Guild, the judicious and intelligent librarian of Brown University. How judicious and how intelligent he proved himself you will readily see, if you will take the pains, or rather do yourself the pleasure, to look over the new cases, and examine the prices, with Brunet and Bohn for your guides. For books have their price current as well as cotton, and breadstuffs, and oils, and printing cloths, and all that vast array of commerce in which our good country deals so largely. The only difference is, that the prices of books must be learnt by a far more laborious process, and your memory well posted in the mysteries of editions, and reprints, and mutilations, and full sets; and Mr. Guild's was, for he had been a pupil of Professor Jewett, the first bibliographer of our country, and who has done, and is doing, more for this indispensable department of knowledge than any man in it, except, perhaps, Mr. Cogswell.

If you would feast your eyes on choice things, take down that Folard's Polybius, and turn over those exquisite engravings, which make the pages of the old historian so clear and impressive. Have you ever seen Brotier's Tacitus? It was the great edition, as you well know, fifty years ago, and still remains so, after all that Germany has done in collating manuscripts and correcting texts. You will find Breguigny's Tables Chronologiques, where all the charters, and diplomas, and acts of the French monarchy are indexed with a clearness and precision that enables the historian to walk straight forward, with firm step, through those intricate paths. When Bongarsius collected the original historians of the Crusades, he called his two massive folios *Gesta Dei per Francos*. A less enthusiastic admirer of the bloody tale once suggested that *Gesta Diaboli* would come nearer to the truth. But however this may be, there they are, bound up in one weighty tome, and the next time you attempt to wade through Mill, you have only to take this down to see how many blunders he has made. But rarest of all, and above all price for the true lover of history in her sources, are those five folios of Duchesne, *Historie Francorum Scriptores*, and rarer still, the additional volume so hard to find, which contains the original record of the adventurous history of the Normans. Schott, too, is there, with his *Hispania Illustrata*—folios again, and close by their side, Pistorius, with his four folios for Germany, and his three for Poland—no modern compilations—but the old chroniclers themselves—monks and learned clerks of the olden time—who told in such quaint Latin what strange things their own eyes had witnessed, and little dreamed, as

* From the Providence Journal, Dec. 12, 1851.

they wrote it by the dim light of their convent cells, that it would one day be read—or, at least, respectfully treasured up, in Manning Hall. But I should fill more columns than they sometimes give lines to a whole reign, if I were to go through our new treasures one by one. One word, however, for Spanheim, and then come and see for yourself. It was Gibbon's copy—the identical copy which he read on the banks of Lake Leman, as he was preparing for that Italian journey which gave us the *Decline and Fall*. Two massive folios, once richly bound—with paper that seems made to last for ever, and print worthy to last with it—the medals from which he extracted such treasures of curious lore, engraved with a delicacy that would make an amateur's eyes gleam with delight. And if yours do not gleam too, as you look at them, and you do not feel a singular, indefinable sensation throbbing along your veins, when you remember what eyes have rested on them, may you be condemned for ever to Mavor and Russell, and never allowed to put your profane hand on Gibbon again. G.

MARKS AND REMARKS.

A NINE DAYS' WONDER is all this New York fume about Kossuth, says a fusty parlor orator, who, to preserve his independence, listens to or reads none of the most remarkable speeches of modern times. "It will all blow over; it's only a nine days' wonder!" And what, wise Mr. Pragmatist, pray inform me, is not a nine days' wonder? Fipkins's marriage was a nine days' wonder; two large family circles were thrown into terrific gyration about it; Dismal place was beside itself with private carriages and white kids at noonday, and Brown was shouting six mortal hours at the top of his lungs; yet the last equipage rumbled away, and Brown kept an afternoon appointment with a funeral—but it was a tremendous thing finally for Fipkins, as the lawyers in that celebrated divorce case, and the public, had good reason to know. There was Flasher's election to Congress, when the whole town voted, and the horses' heads were swept by huge cotton banners, with Flasher for Congress insulting the heavens in letters a foot long. People the next day ate their breakfasts as usual; but it did not end there, as that casting vote showed which threw half a million of contracts over to the opposite party. The Boston Tea Party was once a nine days' wonder, but it turned the fate of a continent, and is a wonder still. M. Louis Buonaparte's visit to Boulogne was a nine days' wonder, hardly that; and on what "bad eminence" is not M. Buonaparte now? The public should not expect to be in an ecstasy for ever. No cause requires it, and no public can stand it. You didn't expect the orators of the evening to be vociferous for ever, or Mr. Beecher to be bringing chain-shot to Church with him to this time. The question is, was the cause a just one, and the speeches of true utterance? If they were, you need not be afraid of the world's going about its ordinary business to-day. It will not forget them to-morrow. Time is a safe guardian of excellence, a much better custodian than you are inclined to think. It has remembered the siege of Troy several thousand years, and embalmed much smaller specimens of men than your illustrious Kossuth. Time will take care of him; and a hundred years hence, your grandchildren will be marvelling a thousand fold over your

nine days' wonder of 1851, even as you are now staring open-mouthed and goggle-eyed at one Patrick Henry, whom, doubtless, many people in Virginia went about in 1776 pronouncing a "humbug"—a great excitement at the Court-house, to be sure—but it would all blow over! That wind has not come yet.

The London *Athenæum*, we perceive, gives credit to the story of Kossuth gaining his knowledge of the English language from Shakspeare while in prison. "The story runs that when, fourteen years ago, he was thrown into an Austrian dungeon for daring to publish the debates in the Hungarian Parliament, he was kept for some time in solitary confinement, without books or paper; but that afterwards, in consequence of the representations of the Diet, his jailors allowed him to have a few books, on condition of his not asking for works on politics. He chose a copy of Shakspeare, and an English dictionary. It was a sad blunder of the Austrian police to give him Shakspeare for a prison companion." The same journal thus hits the secret of his eloquence:—"What seems more particularly Kossuthian—that is, personal—in his eloquence, is, its moral undertone. Master of his subject, he speaks to other nations with the energy, but also with much of the gravity, of history." While these honors are paid to a distinguished orator from abroad, a great man of our country, an orator too, second in hearty hold upon the people to none, is passing his last hours at the capital, the sacred city of the Republic, by the tomb of Washington, where the illustrious men of the State came up—to die, Harrison, Adams, Taylor, Calhoun. A day of touching reminiscence will it be, when HENRY CLAY passes away—but not from the heart of the people of America.

The destruction of the CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY at Washington is a circumstance which should be turned to account for the future, in the better preservation of interests of that class. The particular cause given of the disaster, in an imperfect flue connected with a furnace, is a not uncommon source of loss of property by fire, as shown recently in the destruction of a church, and the partial loss of a Public School building in this city, and might be specially guarded against. An exceptional clause in insurance policies, or a strict examination of buildings by insurance agents, would go very far to secure greater caution and safety. We regret the loss in the library of what cannot be replaced, the books of Jefferson, the presentation copies of foreign governments, the original paintings, busts, medals, &c. The librarian's report to the House of Representatives speaks of 20,000 volumes saved, 35,000 destroyed. In the beginning of 1850, this library, according to the competent report of Mr. Jewett, among the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, contained about 50,000 volumes, a few MSS., a series of medals designed by Denon and executed by order of the French Government, commemorative of events during the reign of Napoleon, &c.

The first Library of Congress was founded April 24, 1800. It was a collection of about 3,000 volumes, made by Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Gallatin, and others. This was destroyed by the British Army on the 24th August, 1814. Jefferson then offered his collection to Congress. It consisted of about 7,000 volumes, for which Mr. Jeffer-

son received \$23,000. The annual appropriation of late years has been \$5,000 for miscellaneous books, and \$1,000 for law books, with a yearly increase of about 1,800 volumes. The library apartment was the finest in the Capitol—the main room being 92 feet in length, 34 feet in width, and 36 feet in height, containing twelve alcoves, six on each side, divided by a gallery. The books were arranged according to the system pursued by Mr. Jefferson, on the division of Lord Bacon, into the sections of the Memory, Imagination, Judgment; an excellent arrangement for a private library, though Mr. Jewett considered it an unfortunate one in the present instance. Many of the best books, those of modern statistics, foreign reports, &c., may, we suppose, be readily replaced with the pecuniary resources of Congress. We notice with regret that some of the collections received by M. Vattemare have perished. We trust that his enthusiasm and prompt facilities may again be enlisted in this service.

We have noticed the recent negotiation of the most important INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT treaty yet undertaken, that between England and France, and have commended its reasonable provisions as a precedent for our own legislators. A similar act of protection both with England and France is now imperatively called for by the wants of this country at home and abroad, as a measure of justice and self-interest. This question has been often demonstrated in our columns, and we are ready to recur to it again. The usage of booksellers, we perceive, of late, has gone far towards acknowledging the principle involved. Liberal sums have been paid to foreign authors for the early sheets of their new works, to secure a first edition, and "the courtesy of the trade" protects the purchaser in this case from rival reprints. Our own publishers and authors are on a better footing abroad. At the present time they enjoy a full copyright protection in England. The London *Times* intimates that this cannot be expected to be permanent without adequate return on this side of the water. "When this question comes to be finally settled," says that journal, after pointing out the vast number of readers under the English flag, "American authors can only expect the same measure of regard to their interests as their own Government extends towards the literary property of British subjects. For the moment they may have the advantage in our market, but let them be well assured that such a state of things cannot be continued." Our legislators should look into this matter seriously. The common, peaceful rights of literature throughout the world are at least quite as important affairs for adjustment and the Law of Nations as the rights of war and mutual destruction. A community of literature among the nations would be, in the end, a community of peace.

Mr. Riddle, the agent of the United States in the superintendence of the American portion of the World's Fair, has secured a vote from the Board of Aldermen granting the use of Madison Square for the erection of a building of iron and glass, six hundred by two hundred feet, for an INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION of all nations, in this city the next summer. The recompense to the city is to be the erection by Mr. R. of a suitable iron railing about the square. Of the returns directly and materially to the proprietors and the city some estimate may be formed from the

following calculation of proceeds to the city of London from its late Exhibition, which we find credited to the *Army and Navy Dispatch*:

EXHIBITION EXPENSES INCURRED BY ITS VISITORS.—£500,000 were received at the doors of the Exhibition; £557,000 by the metropolitan railways; say a fourth of that, or £140,000, by the other railways. A sum fully equal to the receipts of the Exhibition, it is supposed, was spent within it for refreshments. It is estimated that there are some 5,000 omnibuses in and about the metropolis, most of which, we are assured, received from £10 to £15 a week over their usual earnings. Say they earned £10, it would be £800,000. Then there are between 1,000 and 2,000 cabs. If they earned only a pound a day each, it would be £120 each for the twenty weeks, or £120,000 for only 1000 of them. Besides this, there are other personal expenses amounting to at least as much as the cab and omnibus hire, that is one million more; putting these sums together, we have—

Received at doors of Exhibition	£500,000
Spent within ditto	500,000
Ditto on railways	557,000
Ditto cabs and omnibuses	140,000
Ditto personal expenses	1,000,000
	1,000,000
	£3,697,000

The public is not particularly informed of the details of this New York Exhibition, but it has been stated that many of the recent Exhibitors at London will enter largely into it, and that English painters and sculptors will be liberally represented. Nor is it unlikely to meet with opposition as a private speculation, on legal grounds connected with the use of the Park and the views of the neighborhood. We shall probably soon hear something more definite respecting it.

Of personal MOVEMENTS OF AUTHORS we find several notices in the foreign journals. Dickens, the title of whose promised new work is not yet given, has been acting with his brother amateurs in the provinces in Bulwer's play, for the benefit of the Guild, —of which it is sometimes shrewdly questioned whether an author's poor-house on Sir Lytton's lordly grounds is quite the appropriate refuge for broken-down penmen. It is John Bull's custom to label people in all sorts of parish and other institutions; but a less marked and obvious dependence, even upon the fruits of their own associated contributions, would better suit the literary character. Thackeray, whose name pairs off with Dickens, as naturally as Smollet and Fielding go together, at last accounts was proceeding to Edinburgh to deliver his course of lectures on the "Humorous Writers of the Eighteenth Century." We trust that he has not forgotten his promised visit to New York. Alfred Tennyson, we see it stated in the *Critic*, is passing the winter at Florence, with his brother the poet, who is married to an Italian lady there. Mr. and Mrs. Browning, no longer looking out of Casa Guidi windows, are in Paris studying the latest trick of the revolutionary drama. Carlyle is reported to be on a pedestrian tour in Normandy, a "guessing" writer in the *Critic* suggests, for the purpose of picking up associations for a life of William the Conqueror. Frederika Bremer arrived home at Stockholm at the end of November, in season to be present at the funeral of her elder sister Miss Marie Bremer, from whom, it is stated, she inherits a very large fortune.

Of our own literary celebrities Washington Irving is to be seen frequently in town, on

the business of the Cooper monument committee, preparing the celebration at which Bryant is to deliver the oration. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has just drawn off a third or fourth series of his *Twice Told Tales* from his nutty old vintage, has exchanged the ice and snows of Lenox for a village shelter near Boston, at Newton; while Herman Melville, close-reefed in his library at Pittsfield, is doubling old Saddleback and winter, with a thermometer below zero, it is rumored on a new literary tack for the public when he next emerges in Cliff street. Emerson is delivering a course of Lectures at Boston "on the Conduct of Life," where there is abundant room for his fine talking and humor; and, what is more, we have the promise of hearing them this season at New York. Mr. Simms is at his Carolina country seat at Woodlands with a new historical work in progress. Our readers will perceive his genial pen "at home" in another column. Mr. Paulding, at Hyde Park, is not unmindful of contemporary literature, as our pages from time to time agreeably witness. Mr. Bristed, at our last advices and according to his sobriquet of Carl Benson in a poem in our last number, was in Paris, carrying on diligently his literary occupations while abroad. He has, we believe, on hand a new series of papers for *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Fields, the Boston poet and publisher, was also in Paris, to witness the *coup d'état*. Mr. Squier is in London among authors and savans, his pen not idle, and awaiting the publication of his book on Nicaragua by Murray. Bayard Taylor, by his pleasant letters of travel in the *Tribune*, is entering upon Egypt with zest and spirit, after a steam voyage from Trieste, by way of the Greek isles and Smyrna. Dr. Robinson has again left New York to accomplish another tour in the Holy Land, from which we may expect valuable topographical and critical results.

The *Athenæum* brings us the following OBITUARY notice of an author distinguished by honorable association with the higher English Literature:—"The London papers announce the death, at Boulogne, on the 27th of November, of Basil Montagu, Q. C., the learned editor of Lord Bacon—but to be known hereafter more enduringly as the friend of Coleridge. Mr. Montagu was the son of Lord Sandwich (Jemmy Twitcher) by the unfortunate Miss Ray, killed in the Piazza of Covent Garden, in the year 1779, in a fit of frantic jealousy, by the Rev. Mr. Hackman. The murder has been commemorated in a Grub street ballad, which Sir Walter Scott was fond of quoting:

A Sandwich favorite was this fair,
And her he dearly loved;
By whom six children had, we hear;
This story fatal proved.

A clergyman, O wicked one,
In Covent Garden shot her;
No time to cry upon her God,
It's hoped He's not forgot her.

"Mr. Montagu was a member of Gray's Inn; and is said to have selected that Inn of Court from his early idolatry (such we may truly call it) for the works and even character of Lord Bacon. He was called to the Bar in 1798; but never distinguished himself either on circuit or in Westminster Hall. In conversation he was argumentative, yet cool; and on most occasions was a listener after Coleridge's own heart. As a writer, he has but slender merit. His 'Life of Bacon'

is not distinguished by any beauties of style, any particular grasp of thought, or any great novelty of research; and his edition of Bacon's works is, it is said, about to be superseded by an edition from other hands. His knowledge of our early literature was extensive; and his volumes of selections from Taylor, Barrow, and others, were made with taste and learning. He was in his 82d year."

Of other recent deaths we notice that of Wilhelm Meinhold, whose *Amber Witch* enjoys a wide popularity in this country. He died at Charlottenburg. He was one of the old Lutheran party in Pomerania, but had lately lived in retirement.—Priessnitz, the celebrated Founder of Hydropathy, died at Grafenburg on the 26th of November, at the age of 52. In the morning of that day Priessnitz was up and stirring at an early hour, but complained of the cold, and had wood brought in to make a large fire. His friends had for some time believed him to be suffering from dropsy of the chest, and at their earnest entreaty he consented to take a little medicine, exclaiming all the while, "It's of no use." He would see no physician, but remained to the last true to his profession. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th he asked to be carried to bed; and upon being laid down, expired.

The London *Times* states that there is an intention among English Arctic officers "to propose a national testimonial to Mr. GRINNELL, for his noble and humane conduct in fitting out, at his private expense, the expedition which sailed last year from the United States in search of Sir John Franklin, under the command of Lieut. De Haven."

Dr. Kane, of Philadelphia, the surgeon to the Expedition, is to make the scientific objects of the cruise the subject of a series of lectures before the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Dr. Cogswell, the librarian of the Astor Library, has returned from his visit to Europe, with renewed health and some twenty thousand additional volumes purchased for his Institution.

The approaching anniversary celebration of the BIRTHDAY OF FRANKLIN will be held on the 16th, Saturday, the day falling on Sunday. A dinner will be given at Niblo's Saloon. Dr. Francis will be the President of the evening, who will doubtless turn the occasion to good account, with his well known regard for historical reminiscences and his honorable guardianship of the good fame of Franklin.

An extension of the literary CENSORSHIP exercised by the despots of the counter-revolution in Europe is the interference with the correspondents of foreign journals. Writers for the *Globe* and *Morning Chronicle* have been ordered to quit France. It is a not unimportant illustration of the "intervention" system, the principle of which we have recently heard so ably discussed. This is the comment of the conservative London *Times*—"Their offence, it will be understood, is the publication of truth, and their refusal to make the press of England the vehicle of the lies of the French police; for we can well understand that a government which has extinguished all light in the heart of its own capital, will endeavor to shut out every intrusive ray from its frontiers. These occurrences involve important national interests, and are an infringement of the rights as well as the property of British subjects in a friendly country. We trust, therefore, that

they will meet with the immediate attention of our own government; and the measures taken by Lord Palmerston to obtain redress will be a fair test of the protection his Lordship affords to the Queen's subjects abroad, as well as of the sympathy he has recently expressed with so much warmth for nations which have lost their freedom. British subjects abroad are undoubtedly bound to live peaceably under the governments of foreign States, whatever they may be; but the attempt to enslave or dupe the press of this country by the interference of a foreign police is an act of despotism to which we have but one reply. Our correspondence in foreign countries is not carried on for the purpose of taking any undue part in their affairs, but for the information and use of the public at home, where alone these communications are published."

A CORRESPONDENT inquires if the Latin chimes of bells which we quoted from Mr. Longfellow's "Golden Legend" are the new carillons which we gave him credit for, and supplies us with the following parallels from old Fuller:—

"The ascribed uses of bells are thus set forth in some monkish lines, translated by Fuller:—"

Funera plango	Men's deaths I tell
	By doleful knell.
Fulgura frango	Lightning and thunder
	I break asunder.
Sabbata pango	On Sabbath all
	To church I call.
Exulto lentos	The sleepy head
	I raise from bed.
Dissipo ventos	The winds so fierce
	I do disperse.
Paco eructos	Men's cruel rage
	I do assuage.

Of course these are not Mr. Longfellow's any more than they are Fuller's. The Latin we took to be simply a cento of the capital old monkish stuff on this subject, and no more Mr. Longfellow's original property than his use of the Cross of Dorat on his title-page, with its centric device. But we did give him credit for several fine thoughts of his own on the topic of bells, which giants, according to Mr. Whistlecraft, *abominate*—

Giants abominate the sound of bells—

and we proceeded to quote them. From another correspondent we have a learned letter cutting up the bridge-making of the Pontifex, which we shall probably print in our next.

ODE TO KOSSUTH.

I.

KOSSUTH! thine is the cause of truth and right,—
Thou canst hope fervently and fear not:
Oppressed nations keep thee in their sight,
And angels stand about thee in their might.
Kings on their ancient thrones shall rot;
But thy good cause still onward, gathering
strength,
Shall bear thee to thy triumph, till at length
Thy country's freedom and mankind's shall be
United in one common destiny.

II.

The nations claim a hero in their need,
Whose voice can, trumpet-like, proclaim
The coming jubilee, and bravely plead
The rights of human brotherhood to feed
In human hearts one sacred flame.
Armies, for spoil and vain ambition's dreams,
Have passed o'er Alpine heights and ocean
streams;
When struggling nations call to us afar,
What barriers then should stay the glorious
war?

III.

KOSSUTH! speak out thy heart, and we must
hear,
For thou the right hast dearly won;
The Hero and the Martyr—thou dost bear
Thy strong credentials from a higher sphere—
It were a crime thy plea to shun.
Great representative of human right!
Uttering thy thoughts of power in words of
light,
Thine is th' authority which freemen own,
They scorn the tyrant, but yield truth the
throne.

IV.

Thou com'st not here an imbecile exile,
To seek a home among the free,
Or rest thy "weary virtue" here awhile
Under relenting fortune's soothing smile:—
Thy soul still full of Hungary,
Thou art her hero still; nor can the storm
Which shattered thee destroy thy gallant form:
Within our friendly haven thou'lt repair
Thy damage,—then once more the battle dare.

V.

But when thou dost once more the battle dare,
Obedient to thy country's call,
And matchest Hungary to Austria there,—
Must then the Russian leave his northern lair,
And on the weaker fiercely fall?
May not a nation struggling for its life
Demand, at least, an equal field of strife?
Despot backs despot—woe to the people, woe!
Who, free themselves, no fellow-feeling show.

VI.

KOSSUTH! thy honest voice hath stern applied
To nations as to men the law
Which we as men received, as States denied.
The despot and the priest, by thee defied,
In thy bold speech would seek a flaw;
But Christian freemen here will simply read
What the Great Teacher taught by word and
deed—
Th' immortal law of charity defined
As love to God, and love to all mankind.

VII.

KOSSUTH! thy cause is precious in our eyes,
For thou art Freedom's youngest son:
Thee, the Deliverer! we recognise,
And on thy shoulders, fallen from the skies,
The mantle of our Washington.
Thy cause and Hungary's is also ours;
The tyrant's frown on thee that darkly lowers,
First blighting thee and thine, would reach our
shore,
And quench the light of freedom evermore.

VIII.

And we accept thy mission as divine,
And with full hearts thy welcome shout—
Come, man of Providence—hero benign!
Make the old forms of truth before us shine,
Oh! long obscured by fear and doubt;
And we will show the tyrants of the world
Our stars and stripes of freedom wide unfurled;
And be, what God and heroes meant us erst to
be—
The light and hope of all who battle to be free.

HENRY P. TAPPAN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1851.

SLEEP.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

Oh, faithful friend, whose white, pure eyelids
close
O'er thy pale cheeks with sad and calm repose,
Whose sweet lips tremble with the thought of
dreams,
My fancy paints thee golden-haired, with
gleams
Of strange intelligence upon thy face,
Like the blue heavens ere yet the moon doth
trace
Her path of light upon the waiting skies;
A vision bright thou seemest to mine eyes.

Clothed round with cloud-like haze I see thee
stand,

Afar, yet near, like spirit, yet with hand
So soft, so warm, laid gently on my breast,
And voice like *more than music*, that I rest
As thou dost bid me, and to thee I give
Hands, hope, heart, love, aye, life itself, to live
The hours of night 'neath thy protecting care,—
Thou that dost all my tears and trials share.

I had a grief, thou camest to me then
Serene and firm. Sweet Sleep did greet me,
when

All human aid and tenderness were naught,
And as her arms my crushed form silent sought,
She breathed o'er weeping eye delightful calm,
And poured in sorrowing heart most holy balm,
And, patient waiting, with her quiet smile
She led me to forgetfulness the while.

Has Pain strong-handed smit with heavy blow
The quivering nerve, and ruthlessly laid low
The precious gift of Health? Great God!
how drear

Was life, till Sleep, with accents clear
Out spoke "I come," then like a lurid star
Shot the dark guest disease to scenes afar,
And visions of celestial peace were seen,
Or blest oblivion reigned where pain had been.

Thou stirrest with thy softly waving wing
The realm of dreams, a thousand voices sing
Sublimest music of the upper skies,
While in the breast dear memories arise,—
Thou bringest back lost friends, lost hope, lost
love,

And twilight images of hours above,
Delicious Sleep, faint shadow of that rest
That meets the longing soul in regions blest.

Friends seem sincere—oh, show me love like
thine,
Sleep the consoler, tender, true, divine,
Sleep, Sleep, oh, where on earth, or air, or
sky,

Is cadence like thy name? Serene they die
About whose couch thou lingerest with thy
breath,

No partings dread disturb their silent death,
They fade like flowers, who, from thy blest
repose,

Pass to that "Sleep in Christ" an angel knows.
CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE ARTIST AND HIS PUBLIC.

From the German of Rückert.

Is it necessary to prefix for the information of our
readers that this is a satire on any people who set
up for artists and critics without having the requisite
organs or culture?

THE dumb man asked the blind man:

Canst do a favor, pray?

Could I the harper find, man?

Hast seen him pass to-day?

I take, myself, small pleasure

In harp-tones,—almost none,—

Yet much I'd like a measure

Played for my deaf young son.

The blind man quick made answer:

I saw him pass my gate;

I'll send my lame young man, sir,

To overtake him straight.

At one look from his master,

Away the cripple ran,

And fast and ever faster,

He chased the harper-man.

The harper comes, elated,

And straight to work he goes,

His arms were amputated,

He fingered with his toes.

All hearts his playing captured,

The deaf man was all ear,

The blind man gazed enraptured,

The dumb man shouted, "Hear!"

The lame boy fell to dancing

And leaped with all his might,

The scene was so entrancing

They stayed till late at night.

And when the concert ended,
The Public, justly proud,
Their Artist all commended,
Who, deeply grateful, bowed.

C. T. B.

THOU WILT NEVER MEET ME MORE.

Thou art gone, but I am keeping
In my heart thy treasured name,
If I'm smiling—if I'm weeping,
Thou art with me all the same.
Yes, the link at last is riven,
All our pleasant dreams are o'er,
And unless we meet in Heaven,
Thou wilt never meet me more.

Once the summer sun alighted
On the petals of a rose,
And although her leaves he blighted,
Still he lingered till Life's close.
Thus the heart can sometimes cherish
Thoughts that wear away the soul,
Giving pleasure while we perish,
'Neath this strange yet sweet control.

Thou art gone, yet love hath bound thee,
Thou may'st struggle to forget,
In the heartless crowd around thee;—
All in vain!—thou'rt Captive yet.
Ah, forgive the pain I've given,
And thine own deep wrongs of yore,
For unless we meet in Heaven,
Thou wilt never meet me more.

COLUMBIA, TENN.

MELODIA.

A REVIEW OF TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM," FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

THE POETRY OF SORROW.

"BEFORE I had published, I said to myself, 'You and I, Mr. Cowper, will not concern ourselves much with what the critics say of our book.' This was a brave but a hasty resolve, which Mr. Cowper very soon abandoned, and stood before the judge of the chief review in a most uncomfortable state of shiver. He was improved by the suffering. An ingenious person of the last century, the Rhymer of the Leasowes, compared criticism to a turnpike on the road to fame, where authors, after being detained for a few minutes, and relieved of some trifles of baggage, are permitted to proceed on their journey. Of late this critical turnpike has been very carelessly attended. Authors, finding it left on the jar, or wide open, have daringly carried through it any amount of luggage, contraband or plundered, without question or interruption. The public are not the only losers by this neglect. Few people, intellectually or morally, are benefited by having their own way. A true critic is a physician of the mind, and his treatment strengthens the constitution of an author.

Perhaps of modern poets Mr. Tennyson has met with fewest obstacles on the high-road to reputation. The famous horseman of Edmonton did not find his gate thrown back with a more generous abandonment of the tax. It is well that the critical result has not been equally unfortunate with the equestrian. Mr. Tennyson, retaining all his packages, grotesque and beautiful, has grown into the most resolute mannerist in England, except Mr. Carlyle. His faults of taste and language are stereotyped, and he now writes his affectations in capitals.

Our present remarks upon his errors and his merits will be confined to the latest production of his pen. The book of verses bearing the title of *In Memoriam* is a tribute to the genius and virtues of a most accom-

plished son of Mr. Hallam, the historian. Let the acknowledgment be made at once that the writer dedicated his thoughts to a most difficult task. He has written 200 pages upon one person—in other words he has painted 120 miniatures of the same individual, with much happiness of expression, great bloom and freshness of landscape illustration, and many touching scenes of busy and indoor life. English literature possesses no work which, in compass and unity, can be justly compared with *In Memoriam*.

This interesting field of fancy had not, indeed, been left untilled. Two of the most eminent and dear of our poets—Spenser and Milton—have bound up their names with the poetry of sorrow. Spenser's elegies are carefully elaborated, but look more like the exercises than the fruitfulness of his pen. Certainly his theme was not always suggestive. The life of Lord Howard's daughter furnished few opportunities of poetical decoration; but the glory and exploits of Sidney might be supposed to be ample enough to tax the utmost power of the author. Neither of his offerings is worthy of the minstrel of *Faery Land*. With the exception of some delicious rhymes, such as

To hear him speak and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while,

which are bathed in the colors and dew of his sunniest hours, the lamentation for the hero as for the lady is only a sparkling network of conceits, woven after the pattern of Ovid or Marino. For example, he thus accounts for the death of Sidney:—Mars, being dazzled by the flash of his armor, instantly makes an iron tube and loads it with thunder. The volley is fatal; the knight falls, and a phoenix, which had built its nest in an English cedar, carries up the news to Jupiter, and makes his ascent in a brilliant explosion of fireworks. But in one charm of verse Spenser seldom disappoints his reader. He is the most musical of poets; and, even in these colder strains of his ingenious learning, the melody flows with a clear, limpid, running murmur, that refreshes and soothes the ear, like a waterbrook in a green wood. He was the most accomplished master of what Pope called the "style of sound." What a tune there is in these lines:—

A gentle shepherd born in Arcady,
Of gentler race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassy banks of Hemony,
Did keep his sheep, his little stock, and store;
Fauld carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight.

And these also,—

Did never love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal breast before?
Did never muse inspire beneath
A poet's brain with finer store?

His tears at least were melodious; and it was ever a true harp that hung on the willow tree.

Milton, in every way, surpassed the Serious Teacher whom he loved. He wept his friends with a more winning sorrow. His Latin elegy on *Deodati* contains two or three exquisite touches of natural description and tenderness. But the full tide of his imaginative regret flowed into the memorial of another friend, Mr. King. *Lycidas* is one of the noblest efforts of an author who heard few strains of a higher mood. As a whole, the composition is beyond praise, whether we regard the beauty of the allegory, the solemn lights of the fancy, or the organ-like symphony of the verse, which,

however, has in it nothing monotonous. Exquisitely does the writer say—

He touched the tender stops of various quills.

For at one moment the grandeur and torrent of his inspiration overbear us, and then a sweet, gleeful note calls us to the shade of trees, or the field-side, when the plough moves or the husbandman reposes. The Doric lay variegates the chant, and we step out of a cathedral into a flower garden.

Only one discord in Milton's poetry of grief grates upon the ear and offends it. His anti-church invective reads like an interpolation by Mr. W. J. Fox, or a stray note for Mr. Binney's sermon. It is worth a remark that the chief spot in the elegy on *Deodati* has likewise a religious connexion. Having placed his friend among the blessed spirits, with a crown about his head and a palm in his hand, he desecrates the scene by a headlong Bacchanal and the tossing of the thyrsus. At a considerable distance from *Lycidas*, in the *Poetry of Sorrow*, we might mention Dryden's tribute to Oldham as being among the most manly and dignified utterances that ever flowed from his full mouth.

It will be seen that Spenser and Milton agree in giving a pastoral tone to their mourning. Their framework is bucolic. With what skill and pathos the similitude is managed in *Lycidas* every reader of it knows. But the interest of the style must always rise out of the handling. We admire the poem not so much because, as in despite of, its plan. The pencil of Claude turns a crook into a sceptre, and makes it kingly. We cannot but think that Johnson's objection was essentially sound, if only he had confined it to the parabolical form of the poem, without shutting his eyes to the grace of the execution. We regard it as a most happy judgment of Mr. Tennyson, that he resolved to forget *Lycidas*, and to place the charm of his own longer elegy in its biographical passages and domestic interiors. We hear nothing of Damon, and are thankful for the silence. The age, whether for better or worse, has left the pastoral behind it. Corydon is for ever out of the question with people who have anything to do; the close of the 18th century witnessed his burial. That rather insipid shepherd-swain, whom Pope patronized, will never lead his flock along the banks of the Thames since the South-Western crossed it at Twickenham. Not even Theocritus could have outlived a viaduct.

In turning to consider these verses we will mention on the threshold two leading defects likely, in our opinion, to largely lessen the satisfaction of a reflective and tasteful reader. One is the enormous exaggeration of the grief. We seem to hear of a person unlike ourselves in failings and virtues. The real fades into the legendary. Instead of a memorial we have a myth. Hence the subject suffers loss even from its magnitude. The hero is beyond our sympathy. We think of the difference of Ariosto's charmed knight and Sir John Moore at Corunna. It is not Mr. Arthur Hallam, but the Admirable Crichton of the romancer, who appeals to our hearts. A rather apt illustration occurs to us. A friend of ours was once spirited up to try for the medal which Cambridge offered in honor of her deceased Chancellor. Having completed his task he showed it to an accomplished critic, who said,—"the lines are good, but I should have imagined that,

instead of a duke dying, the whole world had gone off in convulsions, your lamentation is so tremendous." The wailings of *In Memoriam* might have drawn forth a similar exclamation. The disproportion of phrase is somewhat ludicrous, and occasionally it borders on blasphemy. Can the writer satisfy his own conscience with respect to these verses?

But, brooding on the dear one dead,
And all he said of things divine,
(And dear as sacramental wine
To dying lips is all he said.)

For our part we should consider no confession of regret too strong for the hardness that indicted them.

Soften it as you will, the feeling of untruthfulness cannot be removed. Nature and identity are wanting. The lost friend stalks along a giant of 11 feet, or moves a spiritual being, with an Eden-halo, through life. The difficulty set before a poet is to reconcile the imaginary with the actual; the epic with the prose of common men. Affection is not to transfigure the face by illuminating it; nor is the difficulty insuperable. Johnson met and overcame it in his verses on Mr. Levett, a medical practitioner among the poor. "Levett, Sir," he said, "was not rough, he was brutal." In every attempt to panegyricize his friend this stumbling-block of temper stood sheer in the way. How does he deal with it? He just rolls it into twilight. He retains the defect, but refines it. The real vulgarity is shaded into an elegiac fitness. Mark the delicacy with which the moralist underlines the poet:—

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and *coarsely* kind;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit *unrefined*.

The true expression of the character is preserved; not a feature, not a line is lost. The sick beggar in Green Arbour-court would have recognised the doctor,—and yet the repulsive manner seems to have rubbed off its squalor. This is the mastery of art, ennobling the disagreeable. We might think, if chronology would allow us, how imperative Cromwell might have been to Titian about his roughnesses and his scars, and how even the seam and the pimple would have grown heroic under the hand of the Venetian.

A second defect, which has painfully come out as often as we take up the volume, is the tone of—may we say so?—amatory tenderness. Surely this is a strange manner of address to a man, even though he be dead:—

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.
But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

Very sweet and plaintive these verses are; but who would not give them a feminine application? Shakspeare may be considered the founder of this style in English. In classical and Oriental poetry it is unpleasantly familiar. His mysterious sonnets present the startling peculiarity of transferring every epithet of womanly endearment to a masculine friend,—his master-mistress, as he calls him by a compound epithet, harsh as it is disagreeable. We should never expect to hear a young lawyer calling a member of the same inn "his rose," except in the Middle Temple of Isphahan, with Hafiz for a

laureate. Equally objectionable are the following lines of the 42d sonnet:—

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.

Is it Petrarch whispering to Laura? We really think that floating remembrances of Shakspeare's sonnets have beguiled Mr. Tennyson. Many of these poems seem to be contrived, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "a double debt to pay," and might be addressed with perfect propriety, and every assurance of a favorable reception, to one of those young ladies with melting blue eyes and a passion for novels whom we found Mr. Bennet so ungallantly denouncing in a recent letter to his children.

We object to a Cantab being styled a "rose" under any conditions; but do not suppose that we would shut up nature, as a storehouse of imagery and consolation, from him who laments a lost companion of his school, or college, or maturer days, with whom he took sweet counsel and walked as a friend. Let Cowley weep for Harvey. Most exquisitely does the poet of all joy and sorrow write—

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground.

The harvest of memory will come up abundantly, as the seed falls up and down life; the shadow of the familiar form glides over the landscape; the old field-path recalls him; and the warm homestead, the meadow stile, the windy sheepwalk, the grey church-tower, the wrangling daw in the quarry,—each is dear and each has a voice, as having been seen with him and by him. But this source of interest requires to be opened with a sparing hand. It easily and quickly is corrupted into sentiment. We can appreciate the meditative rapture of Burns, who saw his "Jean" in the flower under the hedge; but the taste is displeased when every expression of fondness is sighed out, and the only figure within our view is Amoryllis of the Chancery Bar.

(To be continued)

FINE ARTS.

Poems, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, illustrated with upwards of one hundred engravings on wood, from designs by Jane E. Benham, Birket Foster, &c. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

THE pictorial effects of Mr. Longfellow's *Poems* are here worthily turned to account. The volume, admirable in its paper and print, is decorated throughout by a two-fold series of designs, the one, by a lady, uniformly strong in expression, the other tasteful and delicate. The designs bearing the signature Jane E. Benham are chiefly the figure pieces, and illustrate the more energetic of the author's characters, as the poetical, earnest, dreaming Evangeline, from her early days, and the sports of the villagers, to the sorrow-worn and sorrow-nerved figure of the holy man at the bedside of the dying. There is feeling and force in the conception. We notice, also, from the same pencil, a vigorous child and mother pointing to the picturesque tiles of the fire-place; and a Pilgrimage of Mary and Joseph across the desert is unhackneyed and effective. Excelsior, the youth of burning thought and foredoomed failure, and the Children Feeding the Birds at the Tomb of Walter Von der Vogelweide, have these same qualities. From

Birket Foster we have wood scenes, sketches of the seasons, pictures of rural life, domestic tableaux, in vignette, border pieces, and other devices, always in harmony with the scene. The pencilling is in the style of Creswick; such vistas of trees, and delicate May foliage! The Old Clock on the Stairs is a well arranged group; so, too, is the village smithy, with the horseman and farrier, and wondering children. There are some classicalities and bits of architecture,—among the latter the quaint town of Bruges, and a "nice bit" of Nuremberg. It is altogether a pleasantly conceived volume, undertaken, in the first place, and executed by Mr. Bogue, of London, and now issued, for the American market, by Messrs. Ticknor & Co.

PUTNAM has issued portraits of three distinguished American authors, the late Fenimore Cooper, well engraved from a daguerreotype by Brady, a highly characteristic work, and Bryant and Irving, by Illman and Sons, and Halpin, from crayon designs by Charles Martin. Of the latter, Bryant is the best, and we think one of the most successful works of the artist. The eye is given with fidelity. Of Irving, the nicety of expression is mostly lost. We have not the genial, kindling light of the man, but a soporific, after dinner study, as Geoffrey Crayon might afford on the verge of a nap. The face is wooden and uniform, and lacks the character of the original.

Mr. YOUNG presents to the *Albion* subscribers of this year, a welcome holiday visitor, in a choice Engraving of large size of Wilkie's celebrated "Columbus Propounding his Theory of a New World." It is executed effectively in stipple by Ritchie. The page, monk, and Columbus himself, in Wilkie's latter manner, are marked by the softness of a warmer sky than that under which grew the warped figures of the Rent Day and the Will scene. It is a good popular selection, in excellent taste for its purpose, a wide circulation among Americans, who, next to the Father, hold the Discoverer of their country.

VARIETIES.

HYMN TO AMERICA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DAUGHTER of Albion! thou hast not
The lesson of thy sire forgot;
Listening at times to power or pride,
Reader thou turnest to attend
On bleeding valor, and befriend
Him who can hope no friend beside.

Long ere the patriarchs of the west,
Lands, three vast oceans bound, possessed,
When all around was dark and wild,
Adventurous rowers rowed from Greece,
And upwards on a sun-like fleece
The raids of ocean gazed and smiled.

Our maidens with no less delight
Surveyed around the cliffs of Wight,
Thy swifter pinnace glide along;
Although the conqueror was not one
Their gentle heads might rest upon
When cease the dance and supper song.

Yet from their thresholds went they forth
To hail the youths of kindred worth,
And clapt uplifted hands, although
Louder, and with less pause between,
The volleys of their palms had been
For some behind they better know.

To teach the mistress of the sea
What beam, and mast, and sail should be;
To teach her how to walk the wave
With graceful step, is such a lore
As never had been taught before;—
Dumb are the wise, against the brave.

To strike the neck of Athos through
Was children's play; man's work they
Who draw together distant seas,

On Andes raise their starry throne,
Subdue tumultuous Amazon,
And pierce the world of pale Chinese.

The dawn is reddening of the day
When slender and soft-voiced Malay
Shall learn from thee to love the laws.
Europe in blood may riot still:
Only do thou pronounce thy will,
And war, outside her gates, shall pause.

Garlands may well adorn the crest
Which first the Isthmian cloth hath past,
And shouts of jubilee may well
Arise when those return who first
The loads, imposed by nature, burst,
And boldest hearts more boldly swell:

Yet sails there now across the main
A ponder ship than e'er again
Shall ride its billows; at her head
Stands Kosuth: there that hero stands
Whom royal perjury's trembling hands
Struck from afar and left for dead

Daughter of Africa! we avow
That worthy of thy sire art thou.
That thou alone his glory sharest:
Raise up thy head, yea, raise it high
Above the plume of victory:
The plumed brow is not the fairest.

—(London Examiner.)

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MAJOR NOAH in a speech at the Dinner of the Hebrew Benevolent Society, by Cornelius Mathews—

"But it is not, Gentlemen, the grandeur of the past history of your people nor any grief connected with their present condition which touches me most nearly at this time. No. It is a sentiment more immediate, more personal. Looking upon you, who occupy that chair, Mr. President, and remembering him, my friend—and a friend of all of us—who held it at your last anniversary—but who will now hold it no more for ever!—who has ceased to occupy that or any other place amongst us, either at the fire-side, in the public assembly, or at the familiar desk—from which so many pleasant thoughts and kindly words were sent abroad through all this land—for more than forty busy and cheerful years—knowing and feeling most sensibly here and now that the genial countenance which so lately beamed welcome from the head of this festive board—is passed from you for ever—that the warm hand which once and so often grasped this hand and the hand of many of you in friendly recognition, is cold—cold indeed—that the generous heart which knew no distinction of sect or race, has ceased to beat; I could not omit pausing upon his memory upon an occasion like this: for, while he lived, charity and your honored President were inseparable; and now that he is gone they can never be separated in your remembrance for ever. In what gift was it that Mordecai M. Noah was eminent, that I mention him in this connexion? You all know. It was as a public writer. He was indeed one of the Fathers of our American Press—and to him it is indebted for many of its graces, and for a spirit of pleasantry and comment, which has now become a characteristic of a considerable portion of the newspaper productions of this country. In this career he was distinguished above all his contemporaries, and was acknowledged by all to be the master of the school. By his measure a multitude of pupils have mended their pens."

A CHINESE LAUNDRY. [From the Marysville (Cal.) Herald, Oct. 24.]—About ten o'clock last evening we stepped into a pretty extensive laundry in High street, carried on by Celestials. At the very first glance we were impressed with the order and system observable in the establishment. Those who were at work greeted us with a "chin-chin" as we entered, and kept on with their work. A grave-looking Celestial sat at a table a great deal like pine, inditing a letter to a San Francisco correspondent. From a glance at the letter we thought there was considerable character in it. Still another Celestial drew a bench towards the table, and kindly motioned us to a seat. He had, of course, a shaved head—and thereby hangs a tail.

We subsided into the seat, or rather upon it,

and took a general survey. What a truly industrious people they are. At work, cheerfully and briskly, at ten o'clock at night. Huge piles of linen and under-clothing disposed in baskets around the room, near the different ironers. Those at work dampening and ironing—peculiar processes, both. A bowl of water is standing at the ironer's side, as in ordinary laundries, but used very differently; instead of dipping the fingers in the water and then snapping them over the clothes, the operator puts his head in the bowl, fills his mouth with water, and then blows so that the water comes out of his mouth in a mist, resembling the emission of steam from an escape-pipe, at the same time so directing his head that this mist is scattered all over the piece he is about to iron. This invention beats the "Yankees" all to fits. It is a vessel resembling a small, deep, metallic basin, having a highly-polished flat bottom, and a fire of charcoal continually burning in it. Thus they "keep the iron hot," without running to the fire every five minutes, and spitting on the iron to ascertain by the "sizzle" if it be ready for use. This ironing machine has a long handle, and is propelled without danger of burning the fingers by the slipping of the "ironing rag." Ladies who use the ordinary flat iron will appreciate the improvement.

MR. THACKERAY AT OXFORD.—The outer world knows the existence of a Mr. Thackeray, whose name is a "household word" in England and America, India and Australia, only second to that of a Mr. Dickens, who is a graduate of no college, not even that of Barber Surgeons, while the subject of our narrative duly matriculated at Trinity after being a Carthusian. The lectures lately delivered at Willis's Rooms are not quite effaced from the memory of the intelligence, rank, and fashion of this metropolis, while their purport flew on the wings of journalism to the extremities of the Anglo-Saxon universe. Previous to delighting the capital of Scotland and other great communities of the empire and the United States with a repetition of these masterly recitals of blended wisdom, wit, genius, and kindly humanity, the lecturer bethought himself of addressing them to the rising youth of our two great nurseries of the national mind; and it was necessary, before appearing at Oxford, to obtain the license of the authorities—a very laudable arrangement, of course. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington is the Chancellor in charge of the learned garrison on the banks of Isis, and if applied to would doubtless have understood at once the man and his business. The Duke lives in the broad atmosphere of the everyday world, and a copy of the *Snob Papers* is on a snug shelf at Walmer Castle. But his deputy at Oxford is the Vice-Chancellor and D.D., the Rev. Frederick Charles Plumtree, on whom the modest applicant waited with submissive bow, presenting his card. "Pray what can I do to serve you, Sir?" inquired the bland functionary. "My name is 'Thackeray.'" "So I see by this card." "I seek permission to lecture within the precincts." "Ah! you are a lecturer; what subjects do you undertake—religious or political?" "Neither; I am a literary man." "Have you written anything?" "Yes, I am the author of *Vanity Fair*." "I presume a Dissenter—has that any connexion with John Bunyan's book?" "Not exactly; I have also written *Pendennis*." "Never heard of these works, but no doubt they are proper books." "I have also contributed to *Punch*." "*Punch*! I have heard of that; is it not a ribald publication?" The upshot of this strange dialogue between the great popular master of the pen and the Master of University Coll., Oxon, was the requirement of a "reference as to character" from this general favorite of the reading public, who in deep consciousness of his comparative insignificance in the presence of so awful a Don, humbly gave the name of his particular friend the Bishop of

the diocese, Samuel Wilberforce, which was held to be satisfactory. We mean no disrespect for the college dignitary here introduced; he is doubtless a worthy, good, and kind old gentleman, probably not without his share of such acquirements as the place affords and custom sanctions. He, perhaps, is not deficient in mental culture, such as it is, usually attainable from Alma Mater. We have no pretension to apply in his case the satiric line of the Frenchman about an academic president elsewhere, who with solemn gravity, according to the law of ponderous substances—"Tomba de châte en châte au trône academique." He has possibly won his present position by the assiduous application of his faculties in the prescribed routine. But we do marvel and confess our amazement at the state of things which ignores so ludicrously the current literature of the country, the living ornaments of our language, and the most original and powerful thinkers of our generation.—*London Evening paper.*

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR,—In *The Times* of yesterday you inserted an article copied from an evening paper, giving a very lively account of a "strange dialogue" which had taken place between myself and Mr. Thackeray, when that gentleman called to request the usual permission to deliver some lectures in Oxford, with the writer's remarks upon it.

I shall be much obliged if you will allow me to state, through the medium of your paper, that no such dialogue as that described took place. The greater part is altogether the invention of the writer or of his informant, for no questions were asked respecting Mr. Thackeray's literary productions, and no mention whatever was made of them; and what really passed on that occasion is very unfairly represented. It is quite unnecessary for me to notice any of the comments made by this writer.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
FREDERICK CHARLES PLUMTREE.

University College, Oxford, Nov. 19.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—Should anything happen to us—should we ever be exposed to unmerited indignity and oppression, and our services to Europe be forgotten, we have only to pray *Eziorare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*, and that the prayer will one day bring across, on occasion, the messengers of a state that can apply to its purpose the resources of a continent and two oceans.—*London Times*, Dec. 12.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

WE find several announcements of interest in our last London papers.

The two new volumes of Lord Mahon's History of England were to appear Dec. 10, with the title "The First Years of the American War: 1763-80."

"The Life and Letters of Niebuhr" is advertised by Chapman and Hall, edited by the Chevalier Bunsen.

A new edition of the works of Dr. Isaac Barrow, with new materials, is in course of preparation at Cambridge.

Two new volumes of "Grote's History of Greece, from the Restoration of the Democracy at Athens down to the accession of Philip of Macedon, B.C. 403-359," are "nearly ready" by Murray.

The *Athenæum* speaks, at last, of "a probable continuation of Mr. Macaulay's History of England," the coming season.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, author of "William Penn," &c., has in preparation "Robert Blake, Admiral and General of the English Forces at Sea—a Contribution to the History of the Commonwealth," based, it is said, on original documents.

Sir Francis Head's new book, which has

changed its title several times, is finally announced as "Paris in 1851; or, a Faggot of French sticks," 2 vols. post 8vo.

Mr. Bentley promises for December, "Recollections of a Literary Life; or, Books, Places, and People," by Mary Russell Mitford, recalling her popular former publication of "Our Village."

Mr. Bentley also announces, "Solwan; or, Waters of Comfort," by John Zafes, a Sicilian Arab of the 12th century, from the original MS., by Michele Amari; and rendered into English by the translator of the "Sicilian Vespers."

The "Child's History of England," publishing in the *Household Words*, is from the pen of Charles Dickens. It is advertised to appear in a series of volumes from that publication.

Isaac Taylor's "Wesley and Methodism," an offset to "Loyola and Jesuitism," has made its appearance from the press of Longman.

Mr. Bohn publishes in his *Scientific Library* for December, "Agassiz and Gould's Comparative Physiology, touching the structure and development of the Races of Animals, living and extinct, enlarged by Dr. Wright."

The *Antiquarian Library* is to include a new edition of Wilkins's "Works of Sir Thomas Browne," an announcement which will be generally received with pleasure by the lovers of old English Literature. The first volume, containing the "Vulgar Errors," is now ready.

Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" have been included in Mr. Bohn's cheap series.

Longfellow's "Golden Legend" has been published by Bogue, we presume, under a copyright arrangement.

Mr. Disraeli has just issued "Lord George Bentinck; a Political Biography."

"Traits of American Humour. Edited by the author of Sam Slick," is the title of a work in 3 vols., to appear from the press of Colburn.

Colburn also announces two new novels from established writers, "Darlen; or, the Merchant Prince," by Eliot Warburton, and, "Jacob Bendixen, the Jew, from the Danish, by Mary Howitt."

Douglass Jerrold has a new serial in preparation.

Dickens's *Household Narrative of Current Events* has been decided by a majority of the Queen's Bench, Baron Parke dissenting, not to be a newspaper within the meaning of the stamp act, and therefore not subject to newspaper duty.

"Memoirs of the late Emperor of China and the Court of Peking," by the late Rev. Dr. Gutzlaff, in one vol., is announced by Smith, Elder & Co.

Bentley advertises a new Christmas story by W. Wilkie Collins, author of "Antonina," &c.

AMERICAN.

By an accidental misarrangement of our List of New Books last week, Mr. Latham's "Man and his Migrations," Moody's New Testament, and Rev. James Martineau's *Miscellanies*, were made to figure among American Books, while they should have appeared as Foreign Reprints.

Messrs. HARPER have purchased the early sheets of Mr. Thackeray's new novel for simultaneous publication with the English edition in January.

Mr. REDFIELD's promised "Men and Women of the 18th century," by Arsène Houssaye, a work of unusual brilliance and character, will appear by the beginning of February. It will also be issued, by a copyright arrangement, by Mr. Bentley in London.

The new edition of the "Speeches, Forensic Arguments, and Diplomatic Papers of Daniel Webster," is to be issued by Messrs. LITTLE and BROWN in February.

The same publishers announce "The Miscellaneous Writings, Addresses, and Judicial Opinions of the Hon. Levi Woodbury."

Mr. PUTNAM will issue immediately a series of popular books, several of which will consist of selections from Dickens's *Household Words*, the arrangement and unity of treatment in which naturally fall together into separate volumes.

Messrs. GOULD and LINCOLN announce, "A Pilgrimage to Palestine, embracing a Journal of Explorations in Egypt, Syria, Turkey and the Kingdom of Greece," by Dr. W. C. Smith, Editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BUFFALO, Dec. 22d, 1851.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Navigation on the Lakes closed last week, "all of a sudden," and old Erie, which has been alive with steam and sail vessels for eight months past, is totally forsaken, and presents an unbroken cuticle of ice. The weather has been so severe for five or six days as to almost freeze the roots of one's beard, and I notice multitudes of the inheritors of Esau's exterior endowments, who have not held up their chins to a barber since the cold weather commenced. According to the appearance of things, the "good time," for razor folk, at least, has finally come. They cannot have much to do in these unshaving days.

MESSRS. JEWETT, THOMAS & Co., of this city, set in operation last week one of Hoe's double cylindrical presses, which throws off 5000 sheets an hour. It marks an epoch in the history of printing in these parts, being the first press of the kind whose music was ever heard in the Valley of the Lakes. The same house have five other steam presses whose diurnal movements are not unfrequently prolonged till

"The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."

This establishment gives employment to about one hundred hands. Among the works stereotyped the past year, are, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Life of Franklin*, *Noble Deeds of American Women*, the *Life of Lafayette* by P. C. Headley, *Memoir of Adoniram Judson* by J. Clement, *Thrilling Adventures by Land and Sea*, compiled by J. O. Brayman, *Rural Architecture* by Lewis F. Allen, *Fresh Leaves from Western Woods* by Meta V. Fuller, and *Clinton's Digest*. The last is in three volumes royal octavo, and is not quite completed.

Messrs. PHINNEY & Co. have just published a volume of *Lectures to Young Men*, by Rev. J. P. Thompson of your city. It is an elegant duodecimo, and presents the temptations and vices that prevail in cities in a forcible and highly impressive manner.

This house have in press a new and improved edition of Botta's *War of American Independence*, illustrated by portraits and new fac-similes of original letters by Jefferson and Madison. It is, I believe, generally conceded that this is the most circumstantial and interesting story of the sublime struggle of our fathers for freedom extant.

They have also in press "Ethan Allen and his Times," an illustrated 12mo. volume, and "Kossuth and his Generals." The latter will embrace a condensed history of Hungary and the late War, sketches of the family and followers of the Hungarian Chief, and brief selections from his best speeches. It will contain portraits and other illustrations; and being an original biography carefully digested from a rich mass of materials from various fresh and reliable sources, and written by a man of erudition and an enthusiastic friend of Hungary, it will be a work of permanent value.

Messrs. GEO. H. DERBY & Co. have just issued the fifth thousand of "The Silver Cup,"

and the sixth thousand of "Noble Deeds of American Women," the first editions of which works were issued less than six months ago.

The same house have several other works in press, one of which is of immediate and especial interest, and will be of abiding worth. It is entitled "Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions,"—an English work which has just made its appearance. The first half of the volume consists of notices of noteworthy Arctic Expeditions that have been made during the last two centuries; and the latter part of the book—the English edition—contains a full account of the search of British vessels for Sir John Franklin. The American edition will be larger, and contain as an appendix, the details of Yankee enterprise in search of the missing ships, and for a Preface an Introduction by John C. Lord, D.D., of this city. It will be of great historical value, and being full of incidents of the most daring adventure, it will possess thrilling interest. No work more entertaining or useful is found in the long trade list of this enterprising house.

A spacious lecture-room for the Young Men's Association and other apartments, ample for their accommodation, have been provided in the New American Hotel Block, and are nearly ready for use. As soon as the lecture-room can be occupied, the issued Winter course of lectures will be commenced. Several of the most popular lecturers in the country have been engaged, and we are anticipating a succession of savory dishes.

Yours, &c.,

J. C.

The Methodist Quarterly Review commences its 34th volume in the January, 1852, number just issued. The contents are variously interesting to the scholar, the Theologian, or the General Reader. We extract the following:

"Proposals have been issued for the publication in Philadelphia of a new quarterly journal, to be called the 'Presbyterian Quarterly Review,' and to be 'second to no Review in Europe or America.' The names of the editors (Rev. Messrs. Wallace, Barnes, Brainard, Parker, and Gilbert) are a sufficient guarantee that the work will be undertaken with ability and spirit.

"Dr. George Peck has in preparation a volume of 'Lectures to Young Men on the Formation of a Manly Character,' which will be issued early in the spring. A work at once resting upon a basis of sound religion and philosophy, and carefully working out the one main thought of 'the formation of a manly character.'

"Mosheim's '*Commentarii de rebus Christianorum ante Constantinum Magnum*,' is now to be put before the public in an English dress. Vidal's translation of Vol. I. has been revised and rearranged, and Vol. II. has been translated by the venerable Dr. James Murdock, and published by Mr. Sherman Converse, in two elegant 8vo. volumes, under the title of 'Historical Commentaries on the State of Christianity during the first three hundred and twenty-five years from the Christian Era.'

"It will gratify our readers, and the religious world generally, to know that the Messrs. HARPER of this city have in press the writings of the late Dr. Olin. They will be comprised in four volumes, uniform in size with his *Travels in Europe*. The first volume will contain Sermons and Sketches of Sermons from his MSS., which have never yet appeared in print. The second volume will be made up of Addresses on various occasions, and miscellaneous articles from his powerful pen. His admirable Lectures to the Students of the University on the Theory and Practice of Scholastic Life, with his Baccalaurean Discourses, will make a third volume; and the fourth will comprise an extended and graphic account of Greece and Constantinople. The volumes may be expected early in the ensuing spring. They pass through the press under the supervision of Dr. Floy."

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